

STARBLAZER

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No. 8

12p

AUS 40c NZ

The illustration depicts a large, red, mechanical alien creature with a rounded, beetle-like body and a dark, segmented underside. It has two large, yellow, circular eyes with black pupils and a small, rectangular grille for a mouth. Its legs are long, thin, and jointed, ending in circular, wheel-like feet. One leg is raised, holding a small, round, metallic object. In the upper left, a small, green and blue spaceship with a yellow laser beam is flying towards the right. The background is a vast, orange-hued sky with a large, bright, circular sun or planet. In the foreground, there are rocky, brownish structures. The title 'PLANET OF FEAR' is written in large, bold, blue letters with a white outline, positioned in the lower half of the cover.

PLANET OF FEAR

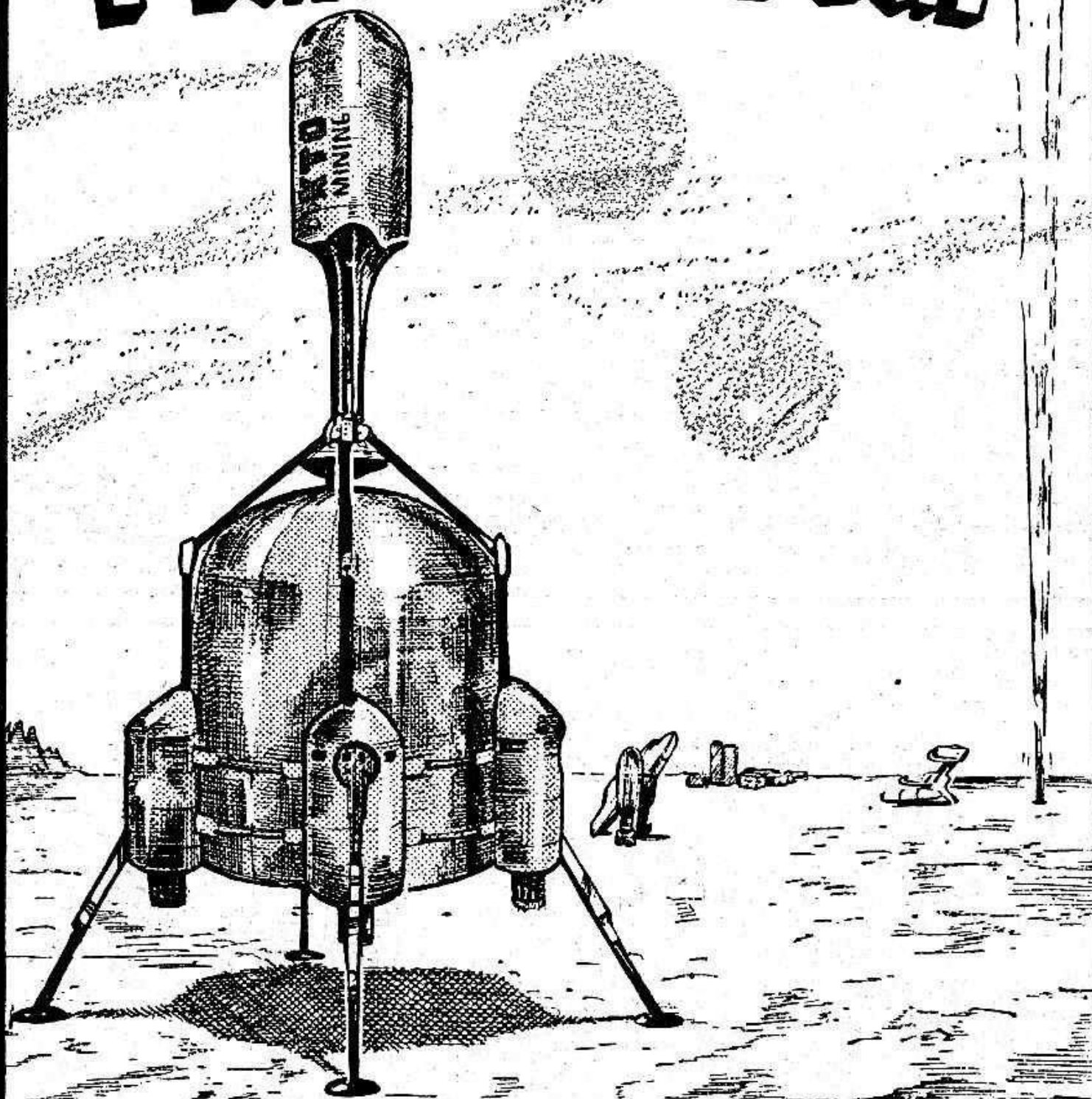
STARBLAZER



THE DEEP
SPACE MINERS
WERE A TOUGH AND
HARDENED BREED OF MEN
WHO BLAZED THE WAY ACROSS THE
UNKNOWN WILDERNESS OF SPACE. THEIRS
WAS A DANGEROUS BUSINESS, WHERE THE RISKS
AND THE REWARDS WERE HIGH.

SARANA LOOKED A PROMISING PLANET. IT WAS COMPLETELY DRY AND
BARREN. EVERY SINGLE DROP OF WATER HAD TO BE SPACE-LIFTED ACROSS
A THOUSAND LIGHT YEARS. BUT AT LEAST IT WAS HARMLESS. OR SO THEY
THOUGHT AS THEY SET UP CAMP AND BEGAN MINING . . .

Planet of Fear



AT THE EDGE OF EXPLORED SPACE WAS THE NEWLY DISCOVERED PLANET, SARANA. UNMANNED SPACE SURVEYS HAD INDICATED THAT RARE MINERALS WERE TO BE FOUND THERE BENEATH ITS TOTALLY WATERLESS SURFACE. A DEEP SPACE MINING TEAM HAD ARRIVED AND WERE WORKING THEIR CLAIM . . .

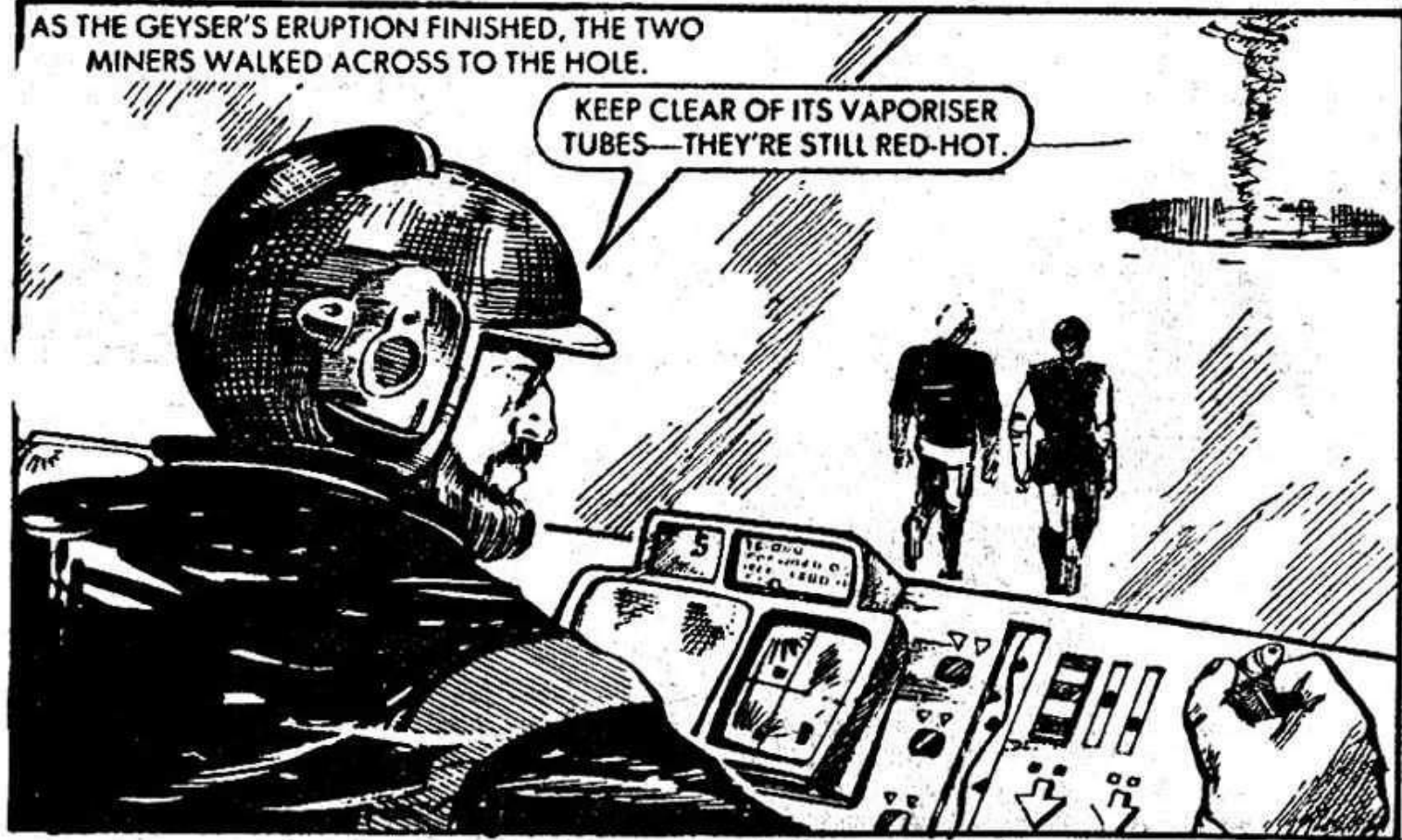
4
THE THREE PROSPECTORS WERE CHECKING THEIR CLAIM.

LOOK AT THAT GEYSER, KORD.
PURE LITHGONIUM. I THINK
WE'VE HIT THE JACKPOT!

I'VE HEARD THAT BEFORE, ORCA. BRING
THE MOLE UP AND TABOR AND I WILL
TAKE A LOOK.

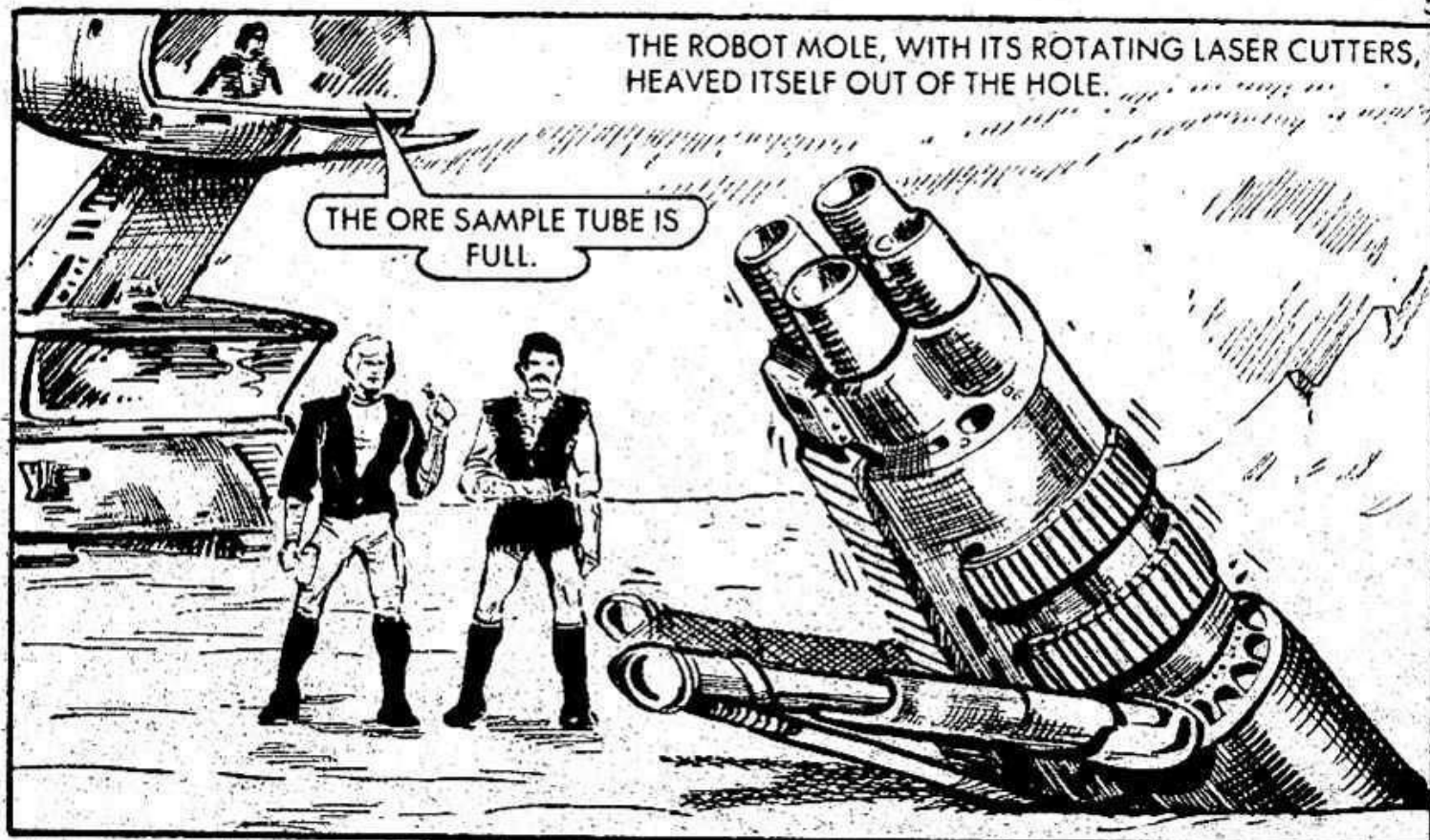
AS THE GEYSER'S ERUPTION FINISHED, THE TWO
MINERS WALKED ACROSS TO THE HOLE.

KEEP CLEAR OF ITS VAPORISER
TUBES—THEY'RE STILL RED-HOT.



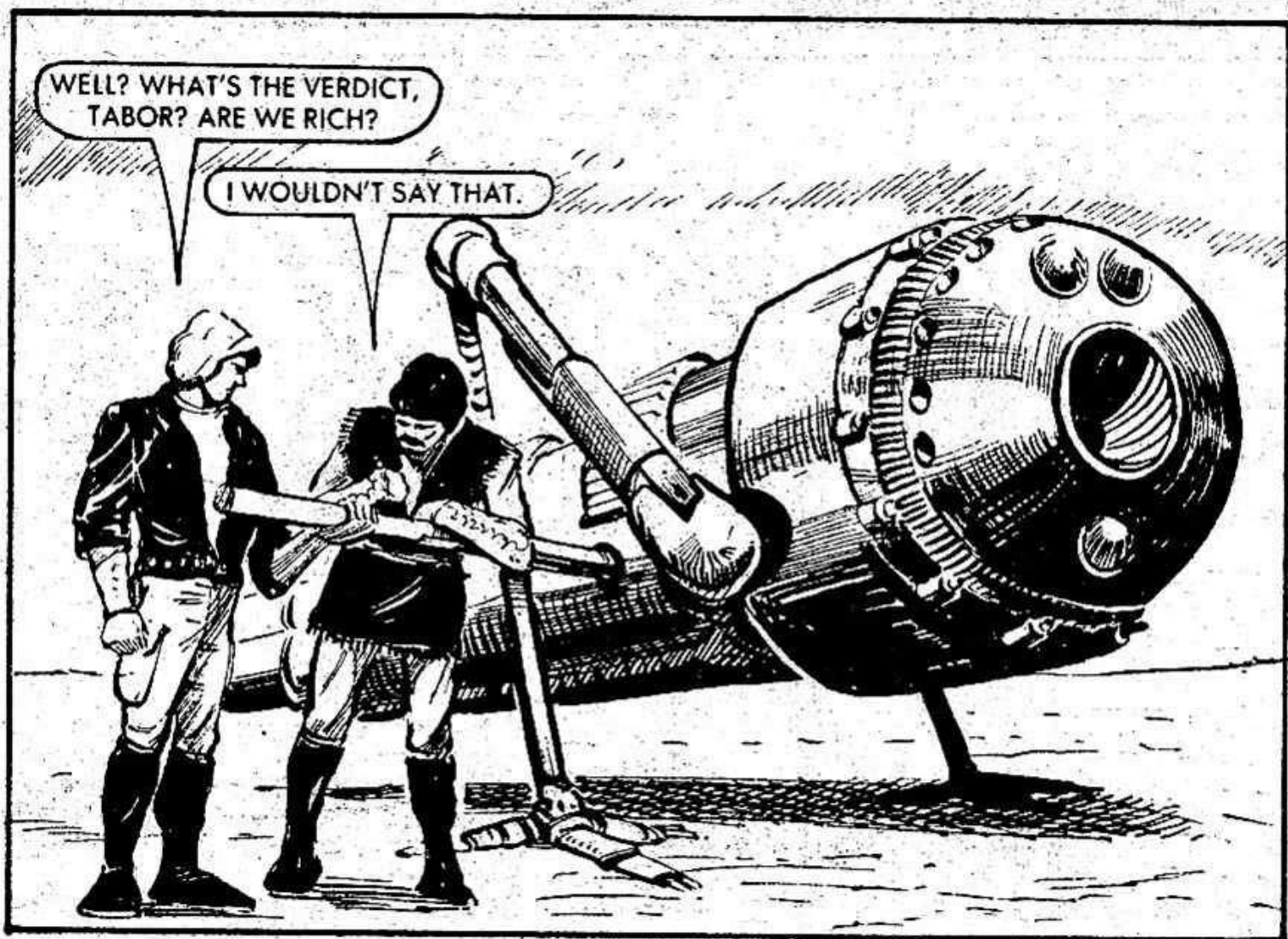
THE ROBOT MOLE, WITH ITS ROTATING LASER CUTTERS, HEAVED ITSELF OUT OF THE HOLE.

THE ORE SAMPLE TUBE IS FULL.



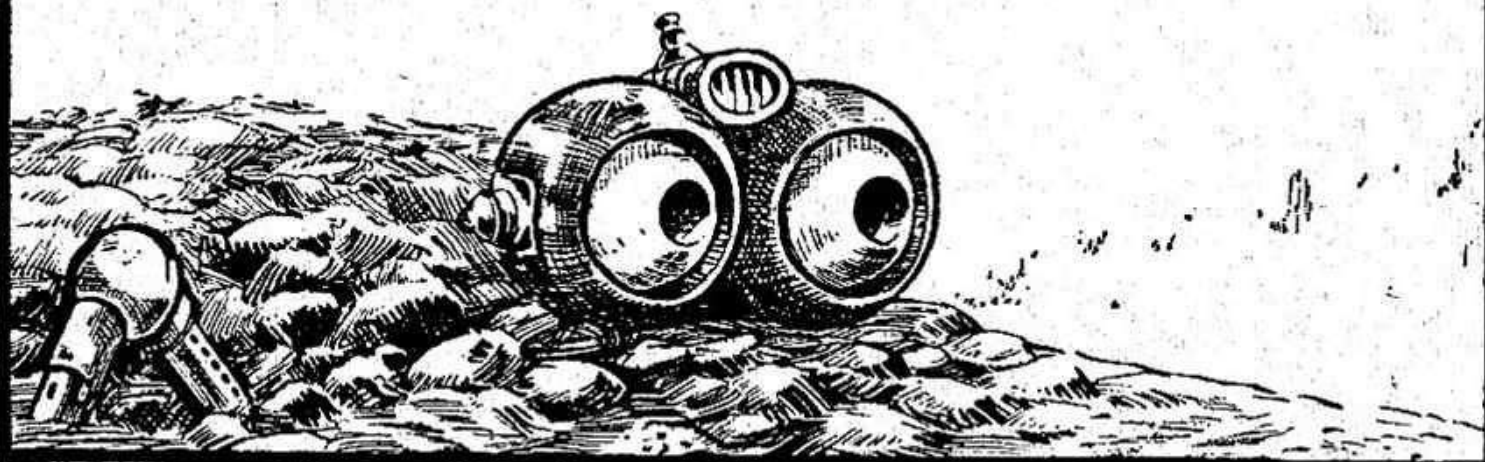
WELL? WHAT'S THE VERDICT, TABOR? ARE WE RICH?

I WOULDN'T SAY THAT.





BUT THEIR DISCOVERY HADN'T GONE UNNOTICED. FAR OUT IN THE DESERT HIDDEN EYES WATCHED AND PASSED ON THE NEWS...



... TWO HUNDRED MILES AWAY TO THE CAMP OF THEIR RIVALS, THE COMEN MINING SYNDICATE.

FETCH THE BOSS—THE SPYDER'S TRANSMITTING.



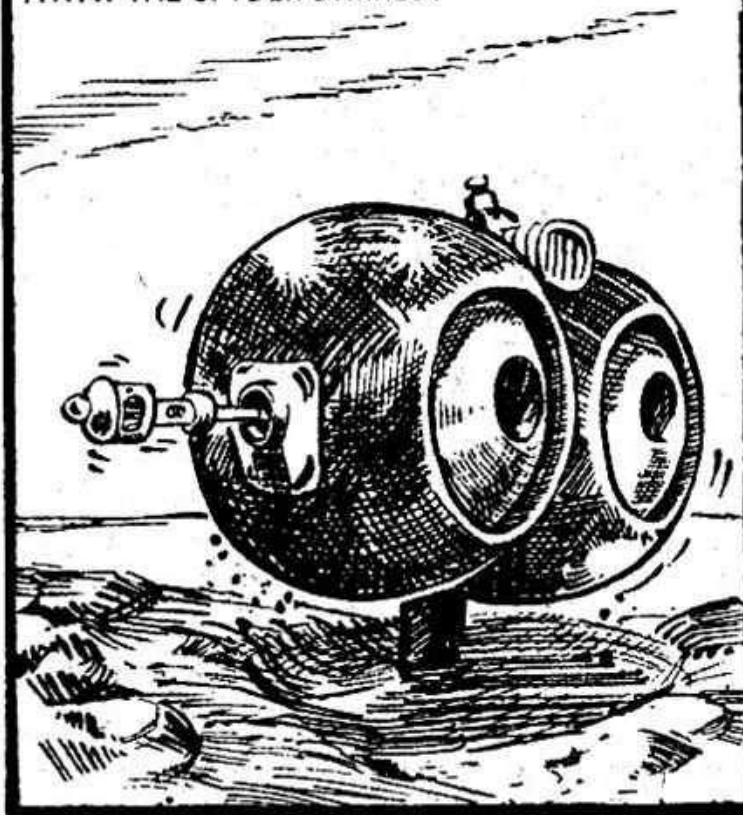
SO, K.T.O. HAVE STRUCK IT RICH!
THEN THE TIME HAS COME TO
MAKE MY MOVE! YOU KNOW
WHAT TO DO.

YES, COMEN.

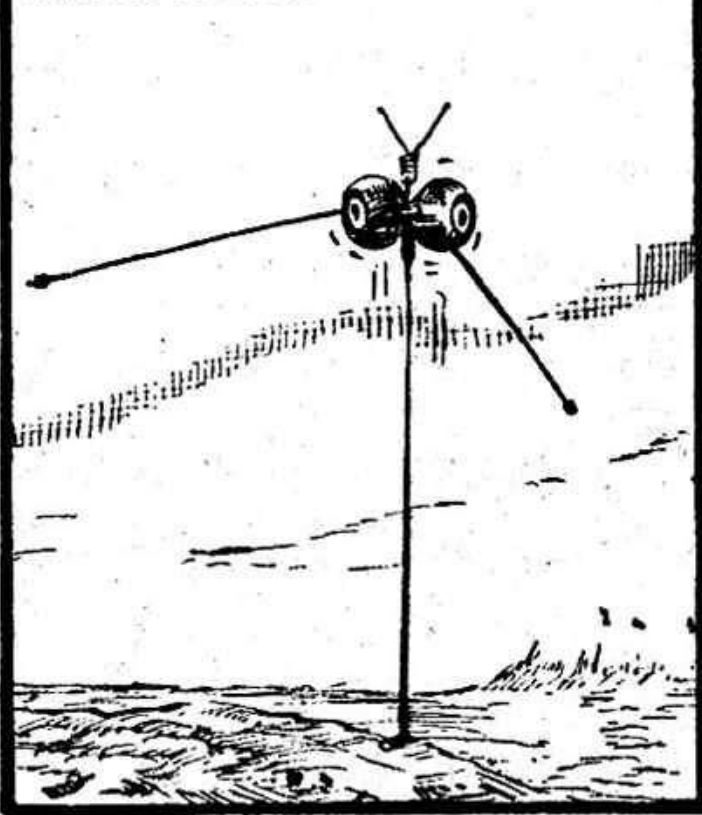
SEND THE SPYDER TO SPIN
ITS WEB!

ACTIVATING—NOW!

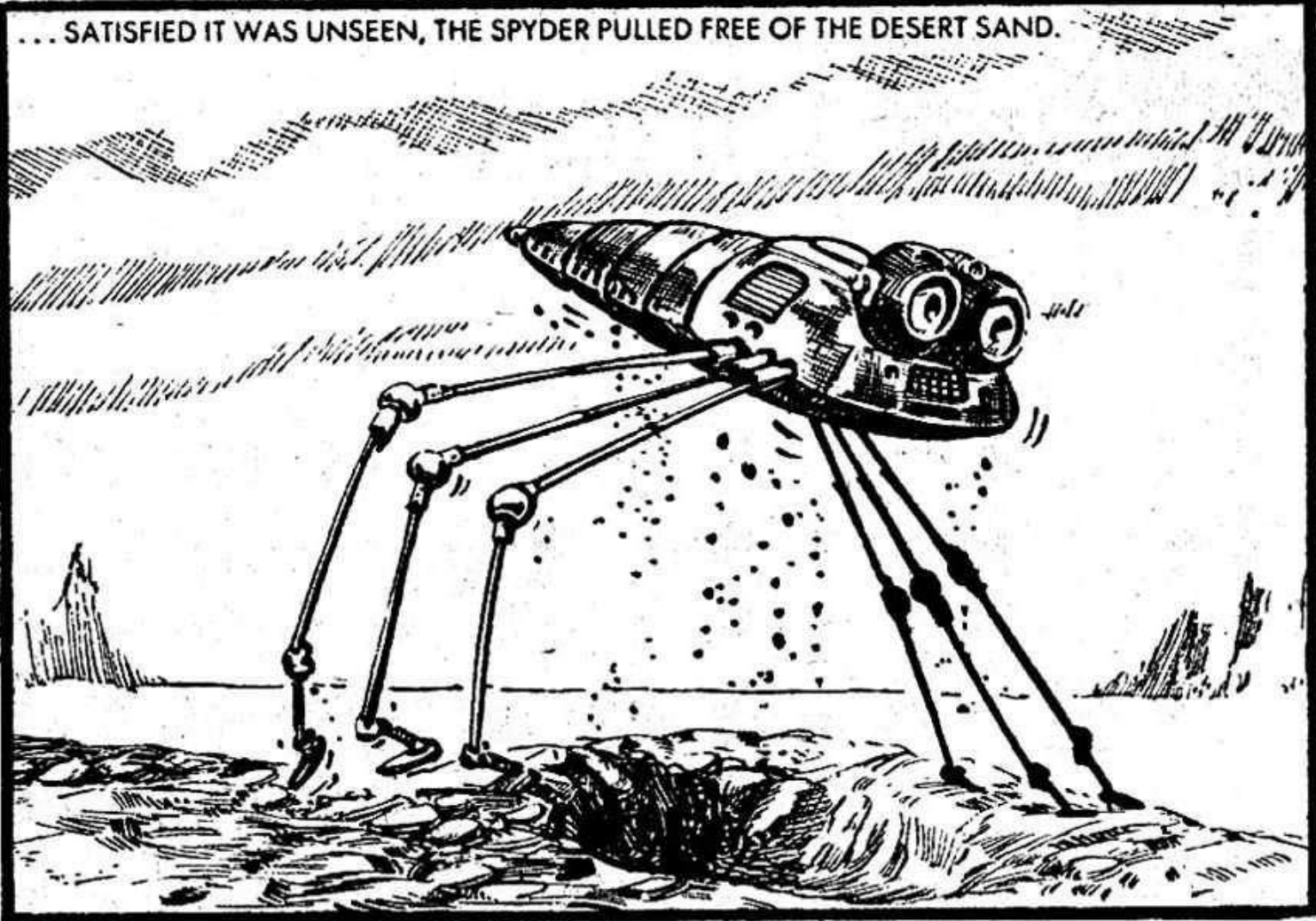
THE CONTROLLER PRESSED A BUTTON, AND FAR
AWAY THE SPYDER STIRRED.



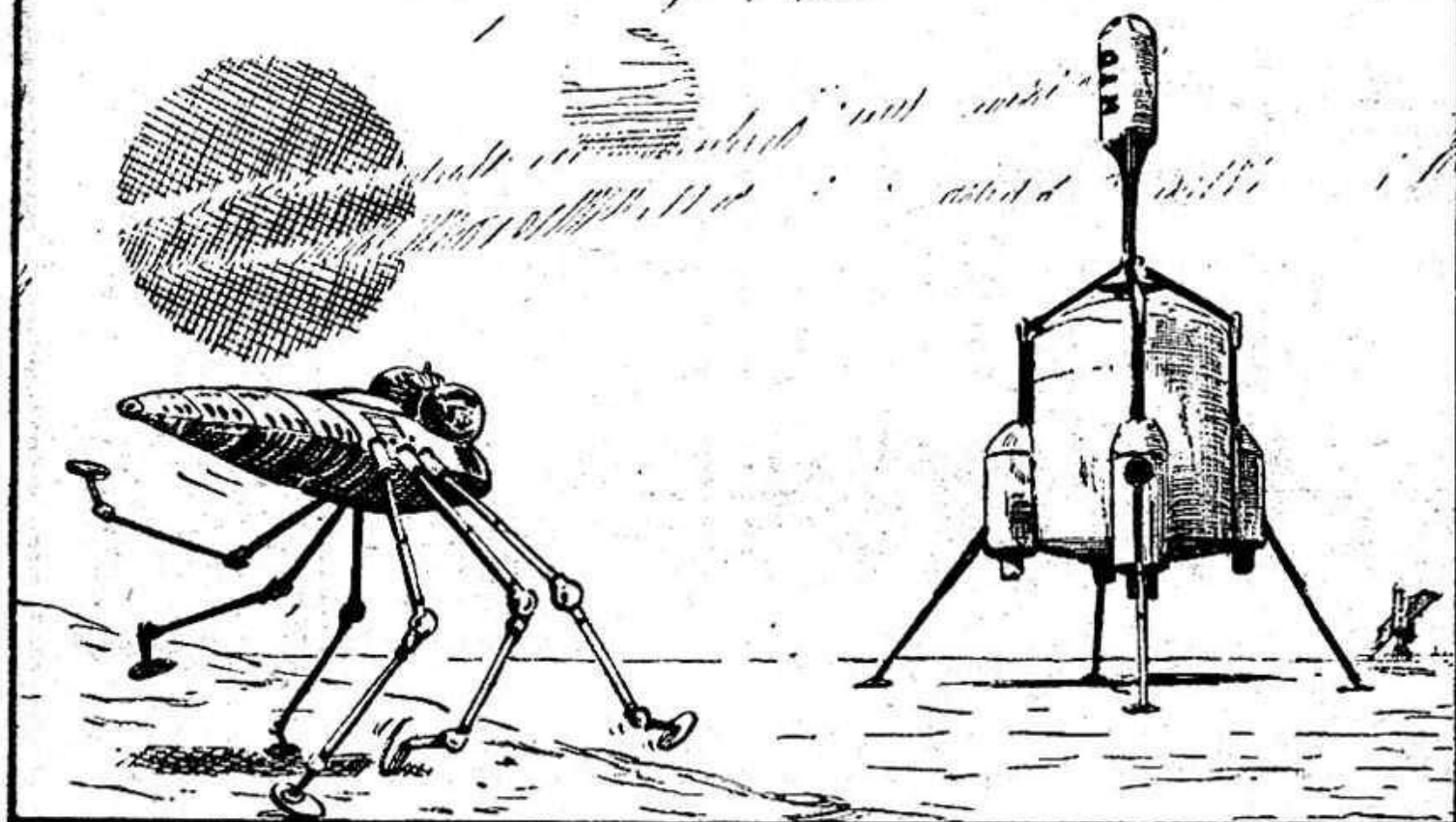
SENSORS MADE A CAREFUL SWEEP OF THE
SURROUNDINGS...



... SATISFIED IT WAS UNSEEN, THE SPYDER PULLED FREE OF THE DESERT SAND.



IT SCUTTLED OFF AT TOP SPEED STRAIGHT FOR
THE SPACE TUG AT THE EDGE OF THE CLAIM.

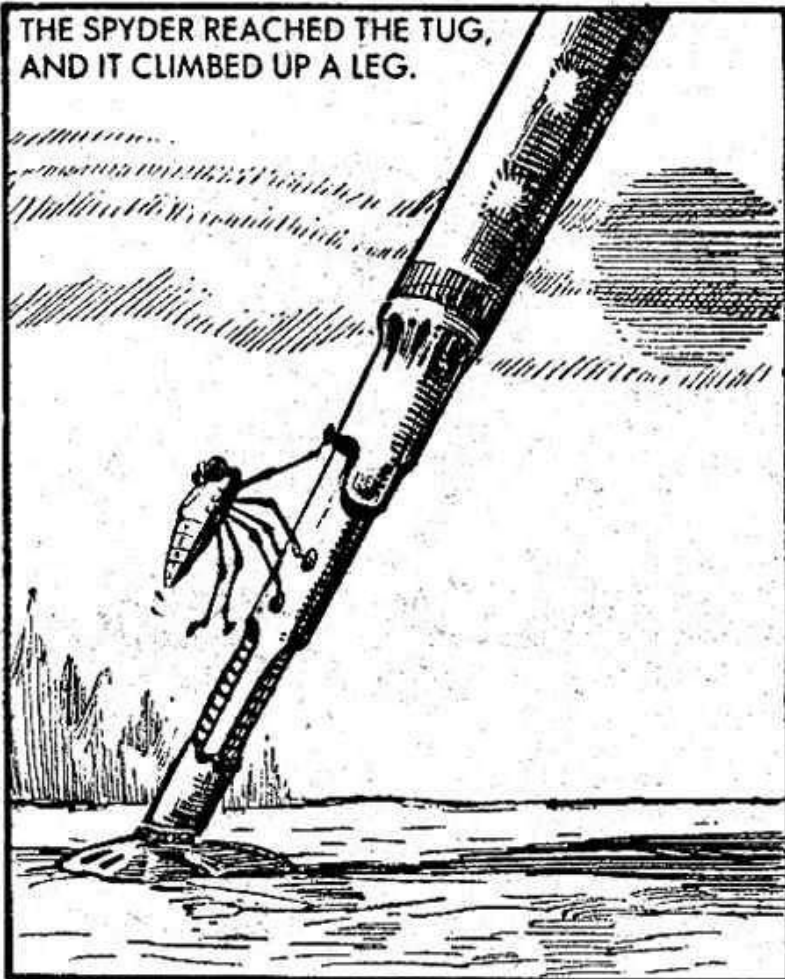


DO YOU WANT THE
WEB SPUN ON THE
ENGINE PODS,
COMEN?

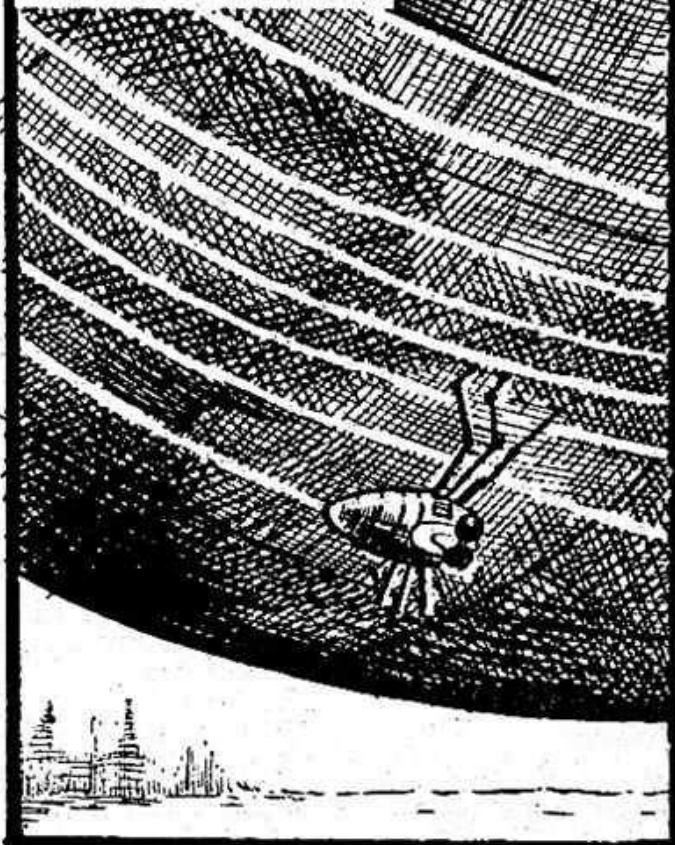
NO, YOU FOOL!
IT'S ONLY THE
TANK UNIT WE
WANT TO
DESTROY! WITH-
OUT THAT THEY'RE
HELPLESS!



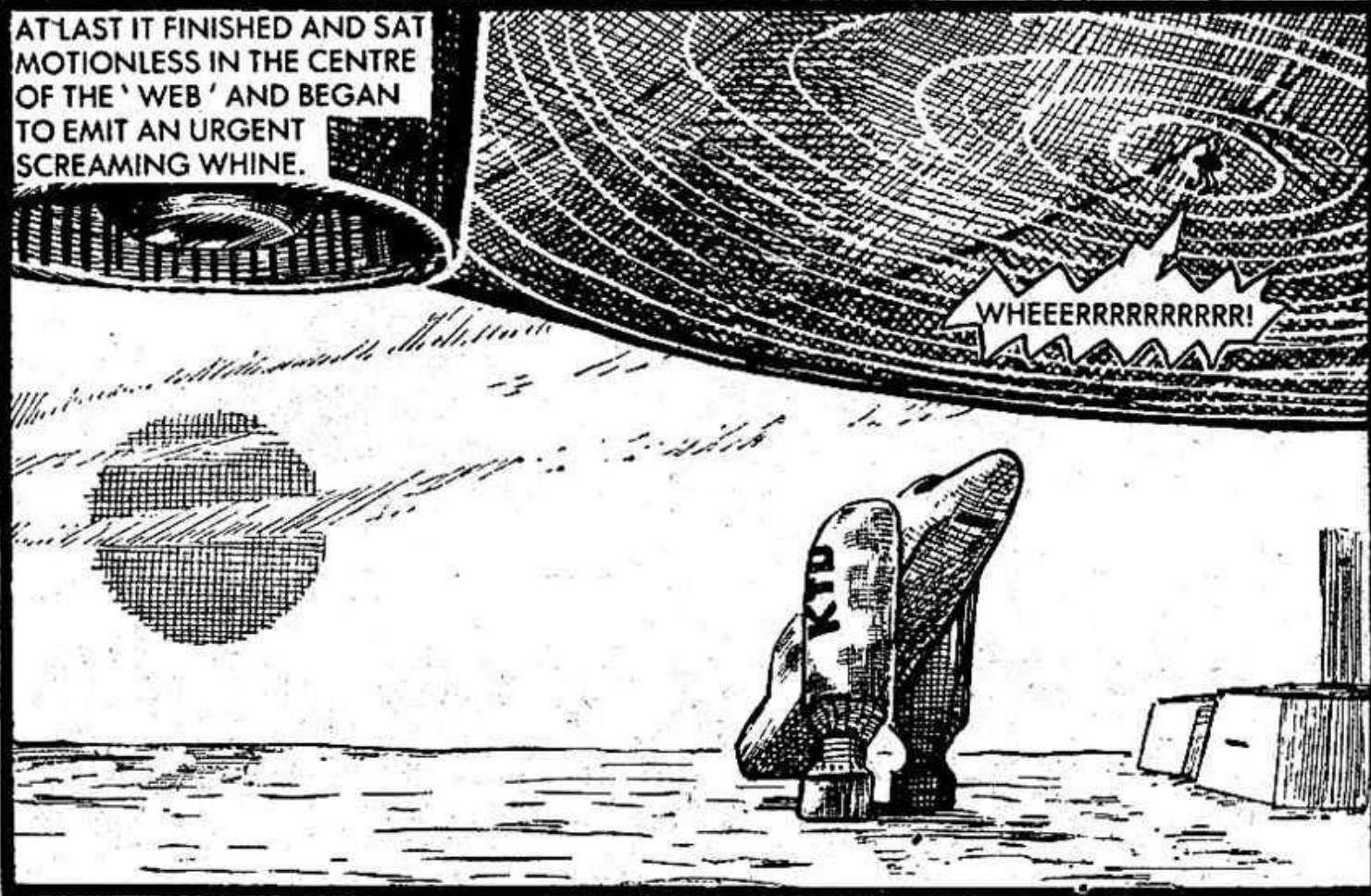
THE SPYDER REACHED THE TUG,
AND IT CLIMBED UP A LEG.

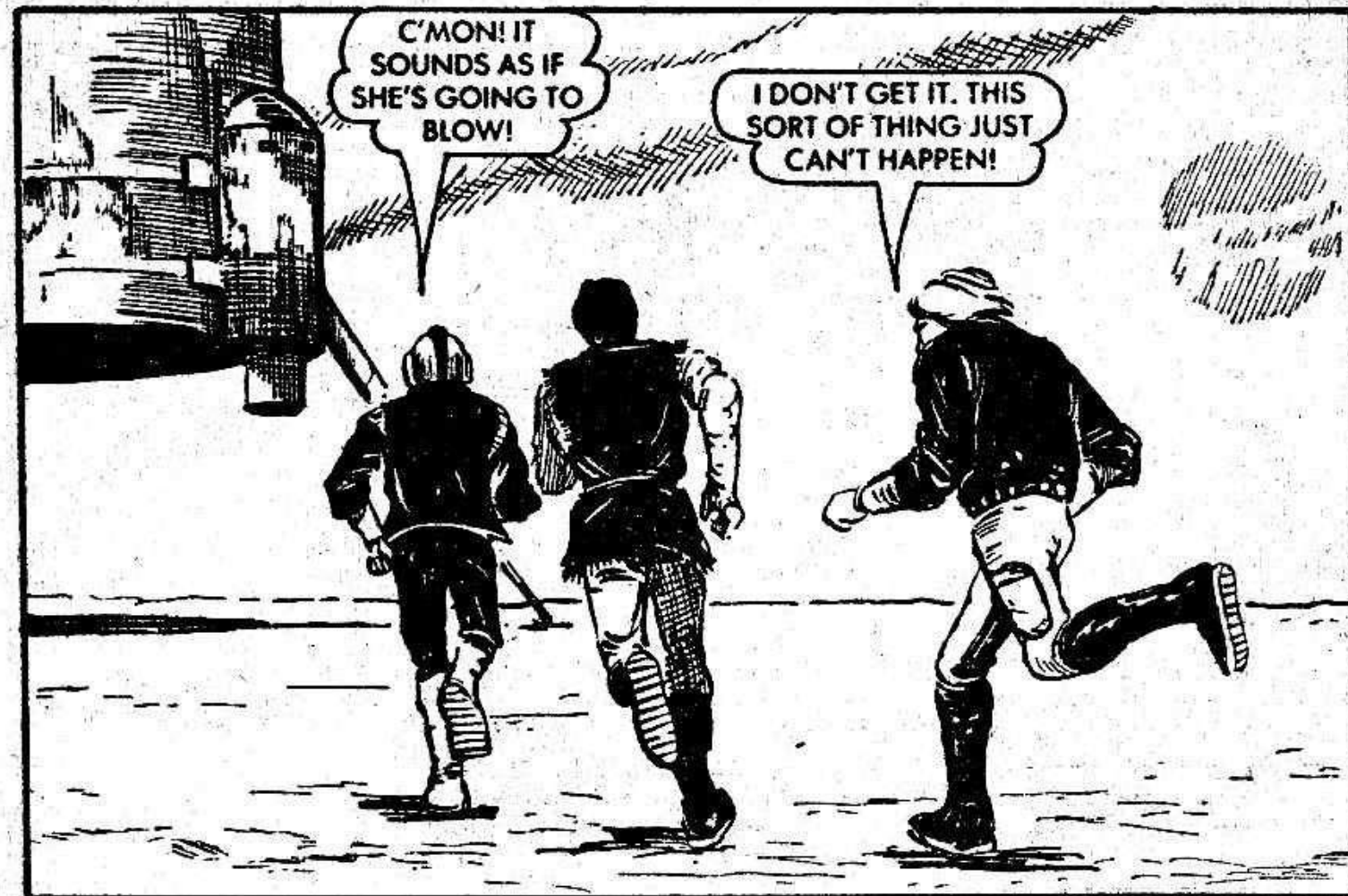
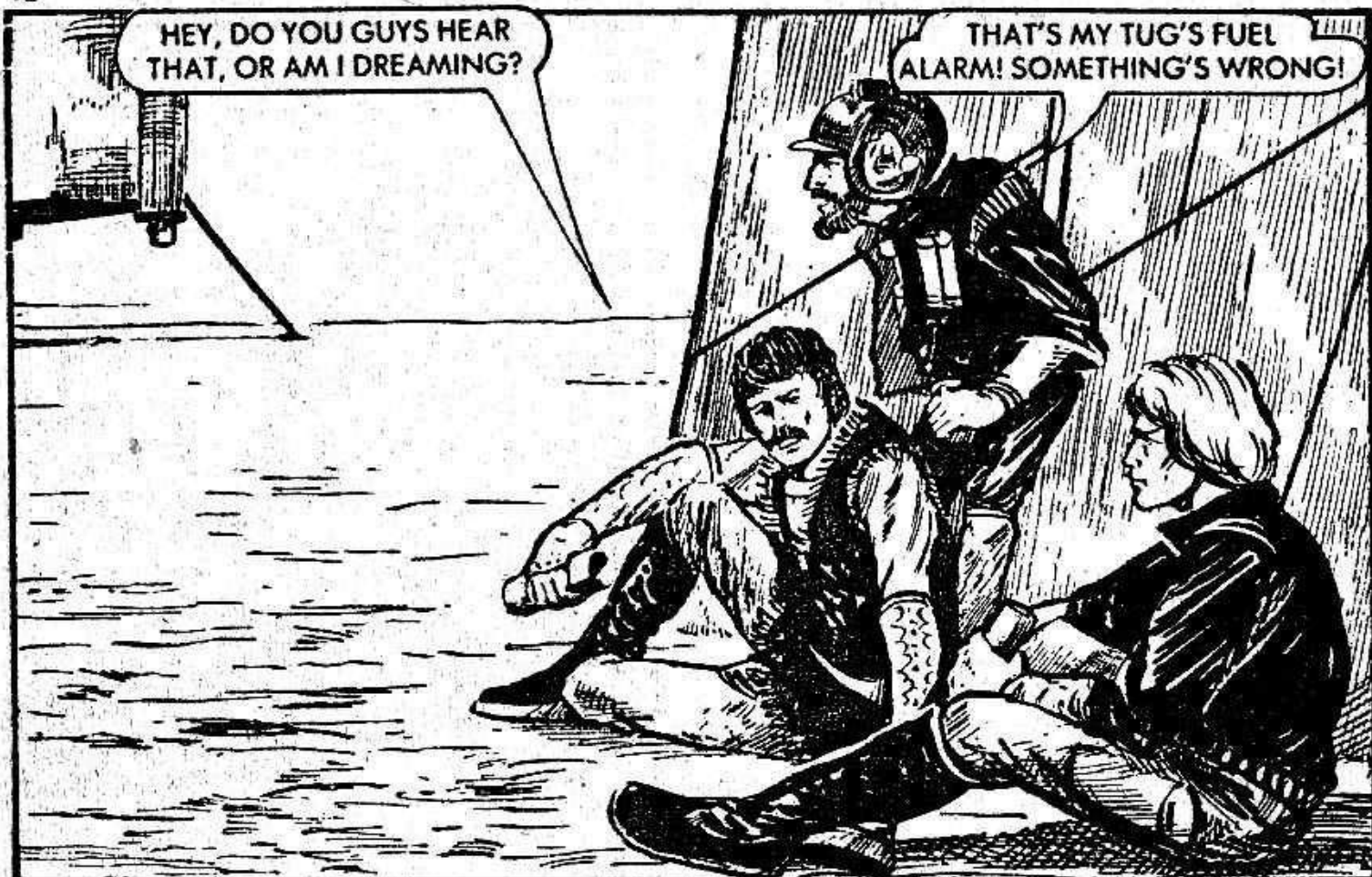


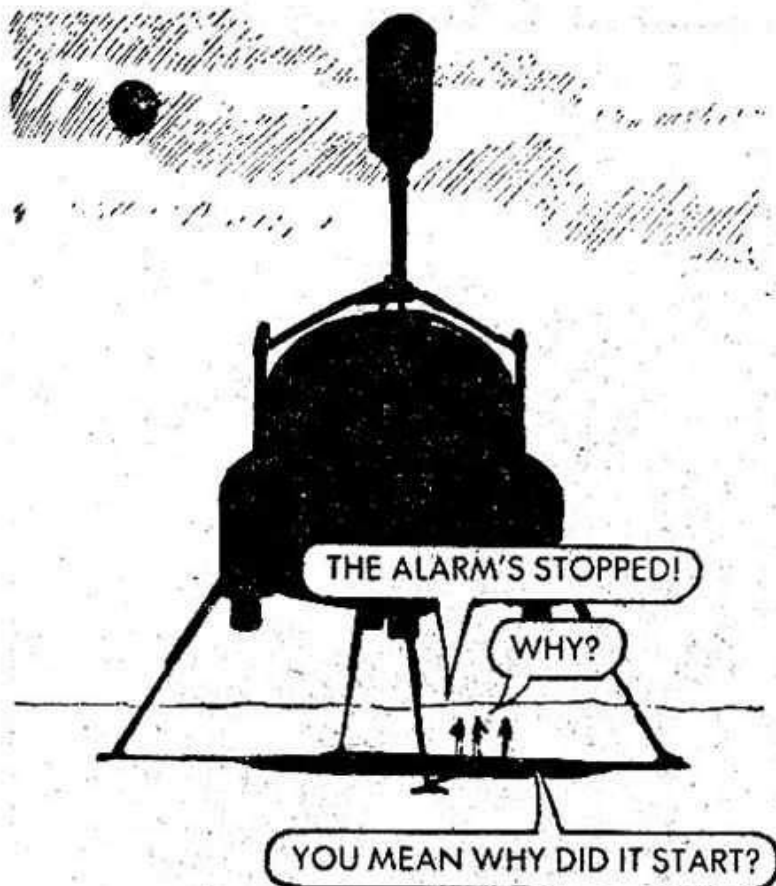
THEN IT BEGAN TO CRAWL TO AND FRO
MAKING A WEB-LIKE PATTERN ALL OVER
THE BASE OF THE TANK.



AT LAST IT FINISHED AND SAT
MOTIONLESS IN THE CENTRE
OF THE 'WEB' AND BEGAN
TO EMIT AN URGENT
SCREAMING WHINE.



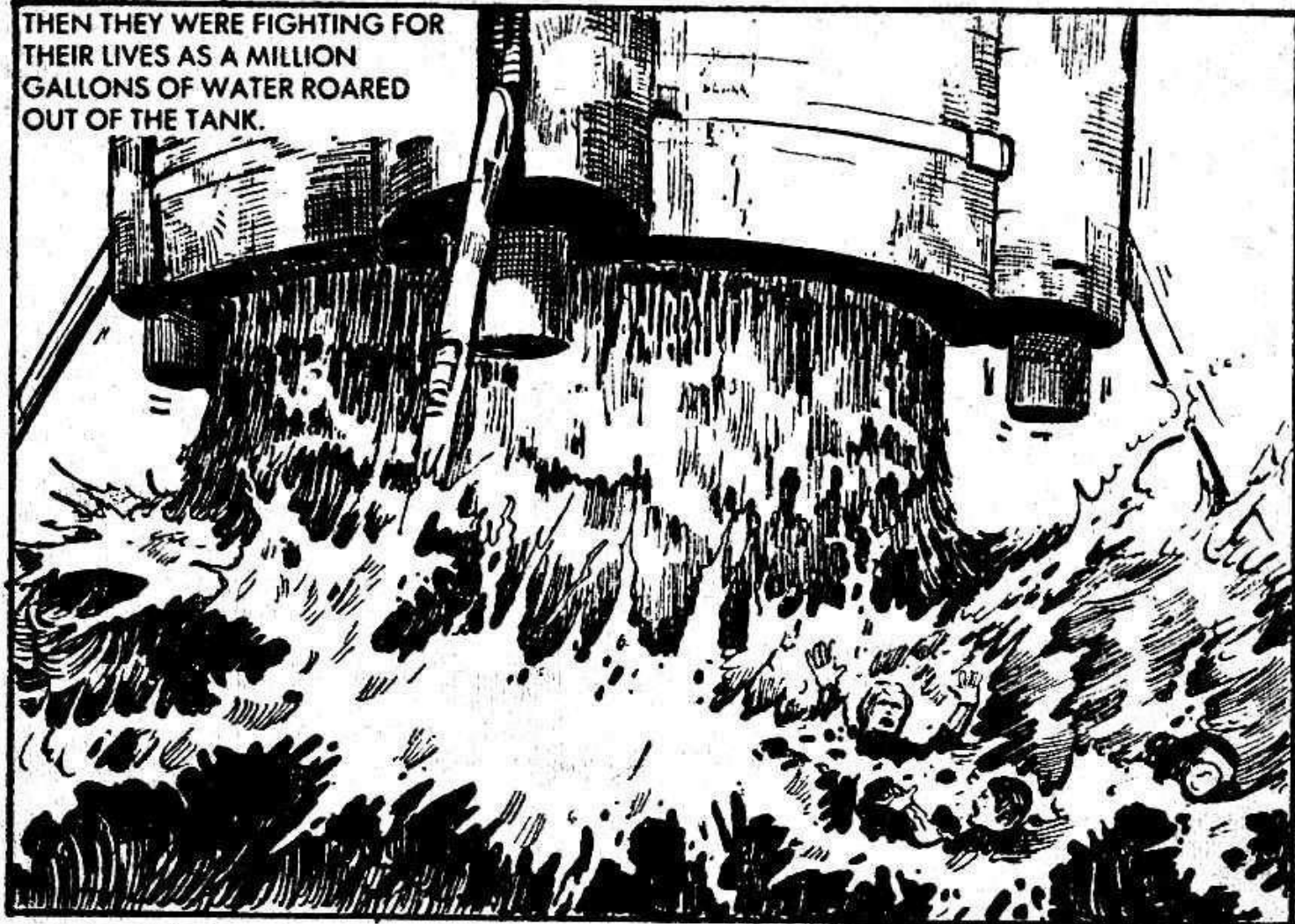




KORD LOOKED UP AND SAW THE FAINT GLOW OF THE 'WEB' AND THE SPYDER IN THE MIDDLE.



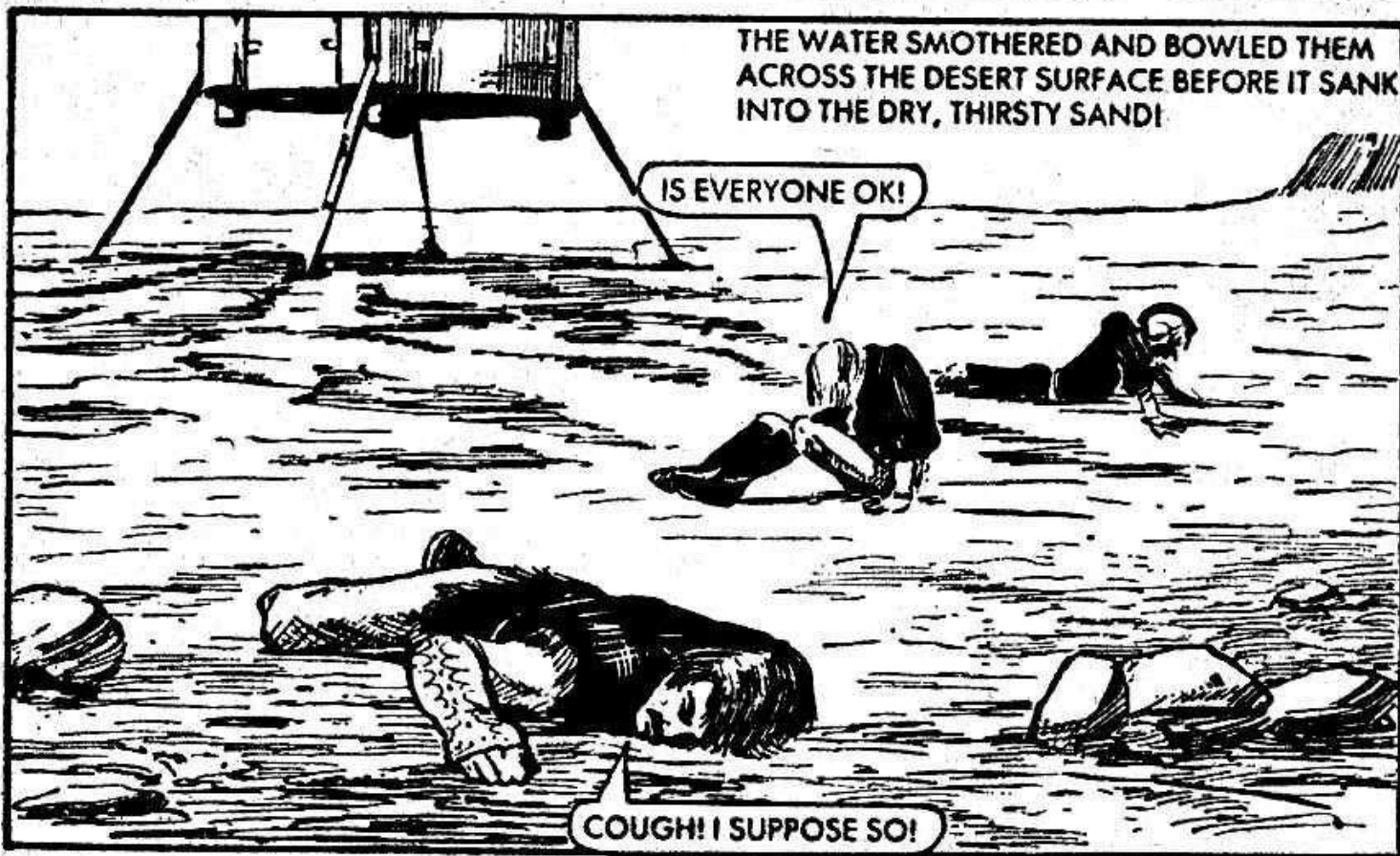
THEN THEY WERE FIGHTING FOR
THEIR LIVES AS A MILLION
GALLONS OF WATER ROARED
OUT OF THE TANK.



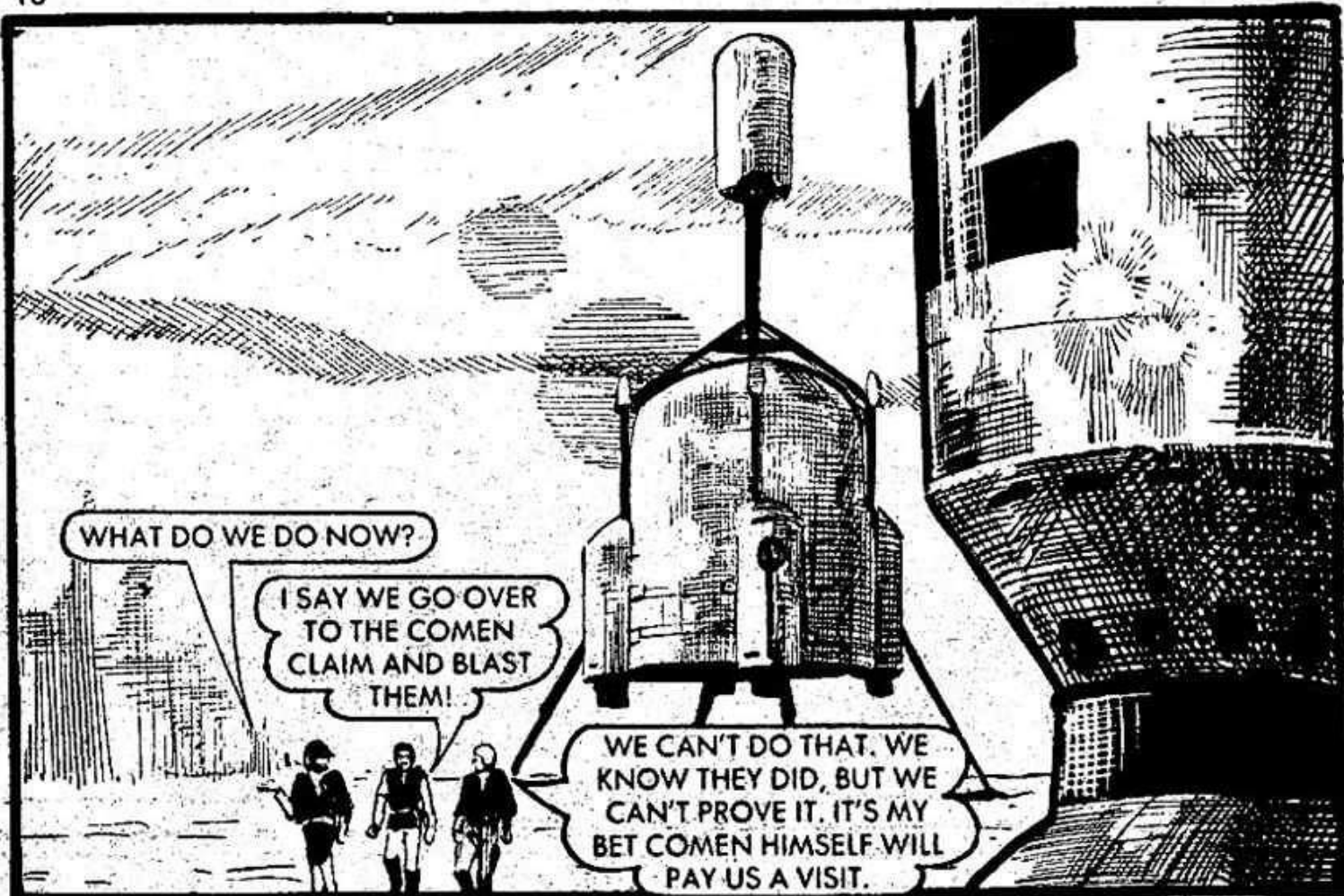
THE WATER SMOTHERED AND BOWLED THEM
ACROSS THE DESERT SURFACE BEFORE IT SANK
INTO THE DRY, THIRSTY SAND!

IS EVERYONE OK!

COUGH! I SUPPOSE SO!

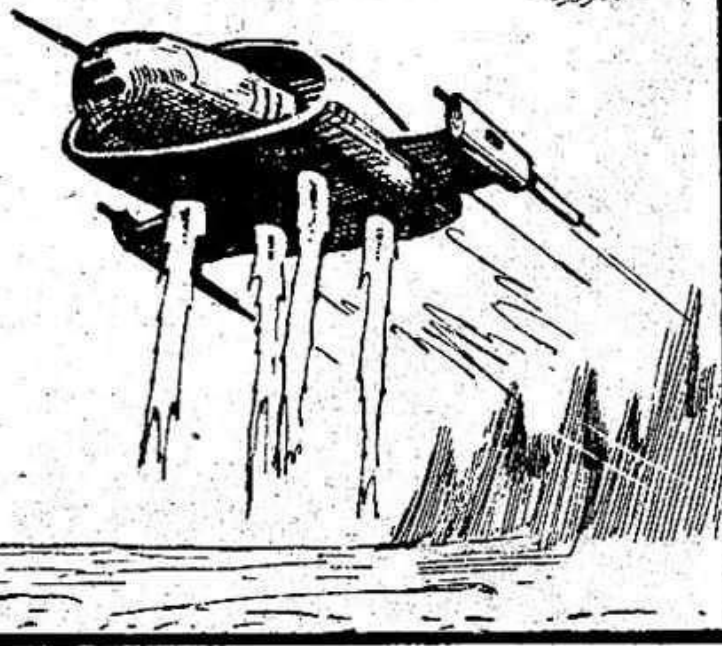




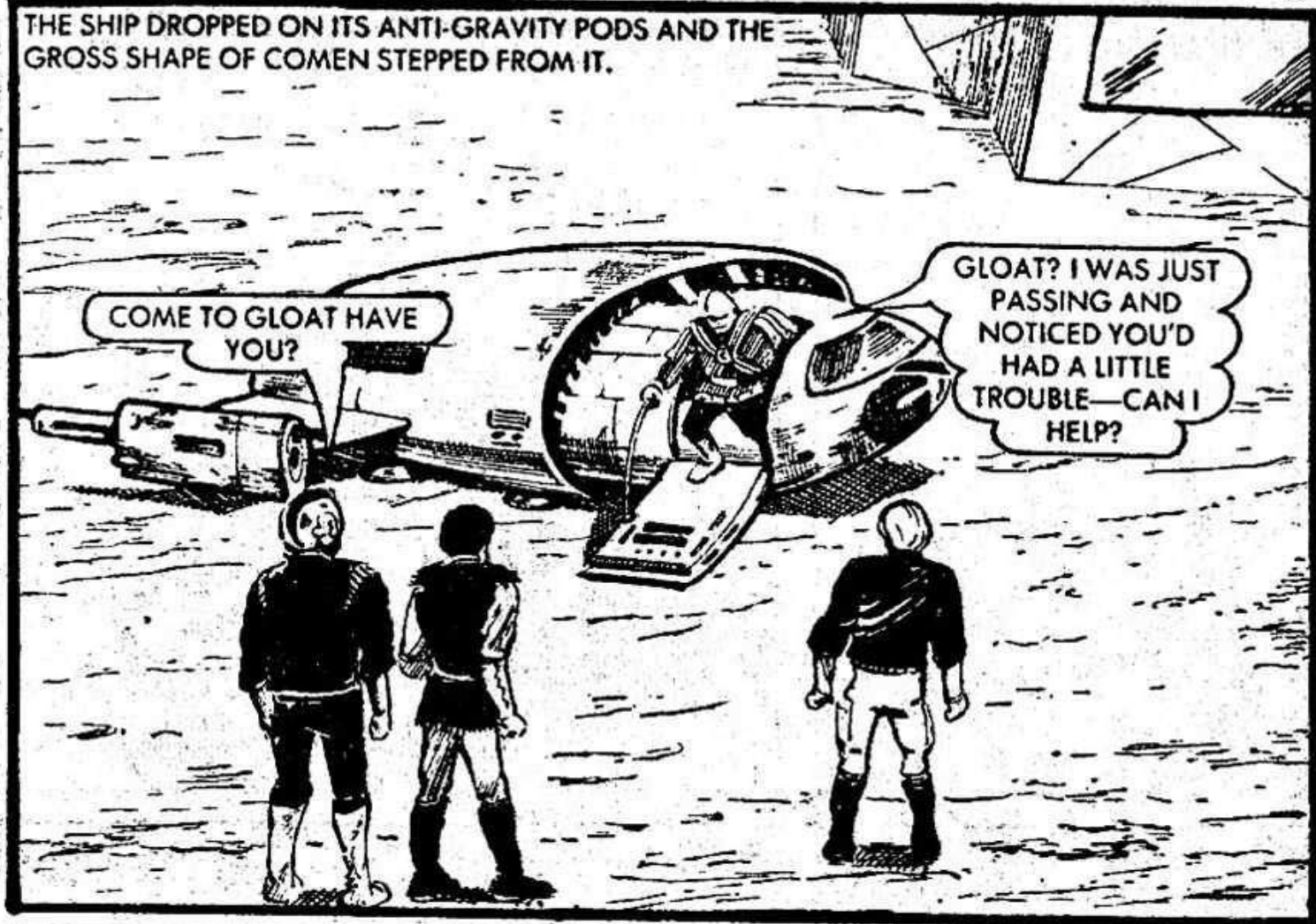


KORD WAS RIGHT. HARDLY HAD THEY REACHED THEIR CAMP WHEN A SMALL SHIP APPEARED IN THE SKY.

HERE HE COMES.
RIGHT ON CUE!



THE SHIP DROPPED ON ITS ANTI-GRAVITY PODS AND THE GROSS SHAPE OF COMEN STEPPED FROM IT.



SURE YOU CAN. YOU CAN GIVE US A MILLION GALLONS OF WATER.

ALL RIGHT, COMEN, WHAT'S YOUR PRICE?



SHALL WE SAY A FEW
TONS OF THYRILLIUM?



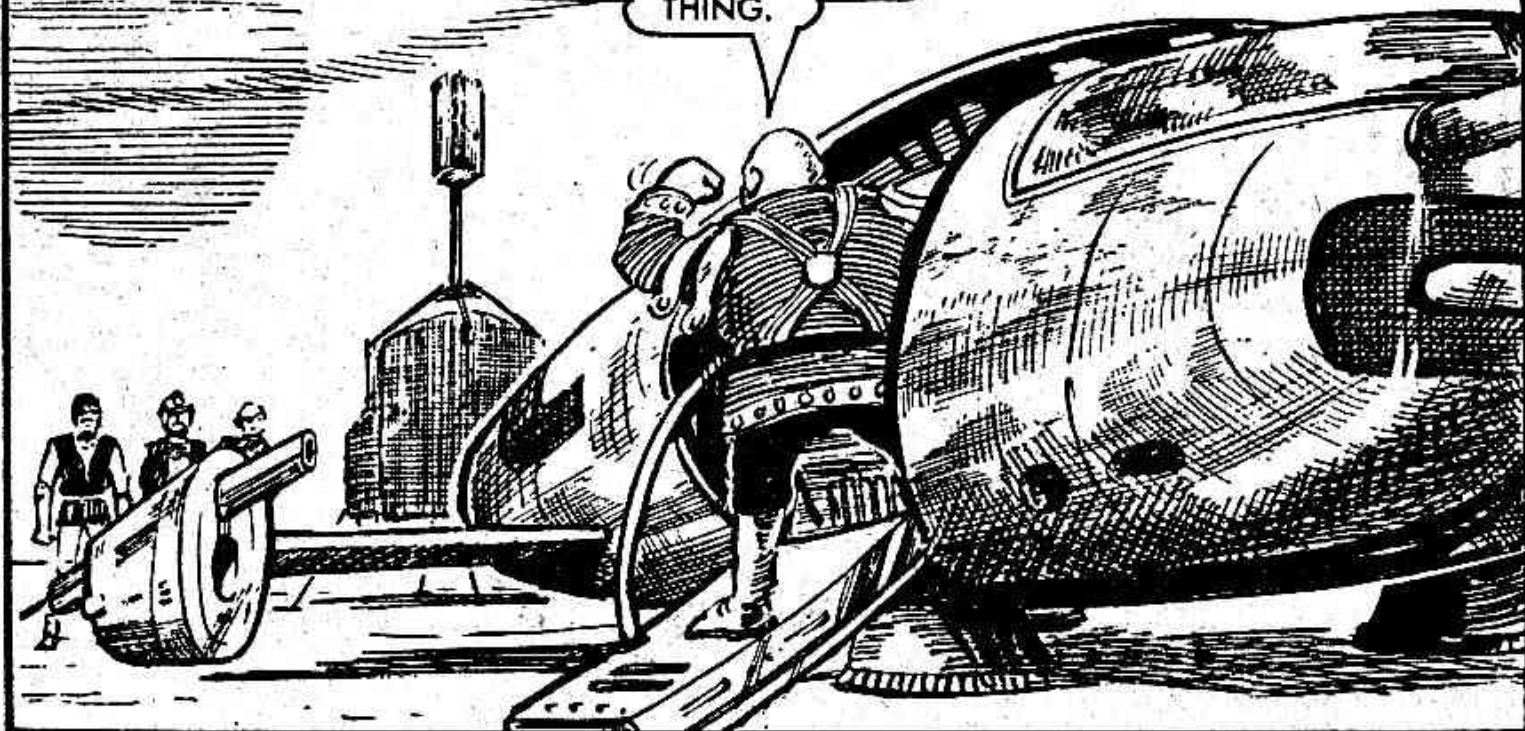
KORD'S PATIENCE SNAPPED AND HE LASHED OUT AT
THE SMIRKING COMEN!

LET'S SAY A FACEFUL OF FIST
INSTEAD, SHALL WE?



COMEN GOT TO HIS FEET SNARLING AND LURCHED INTO HIS SHIP.

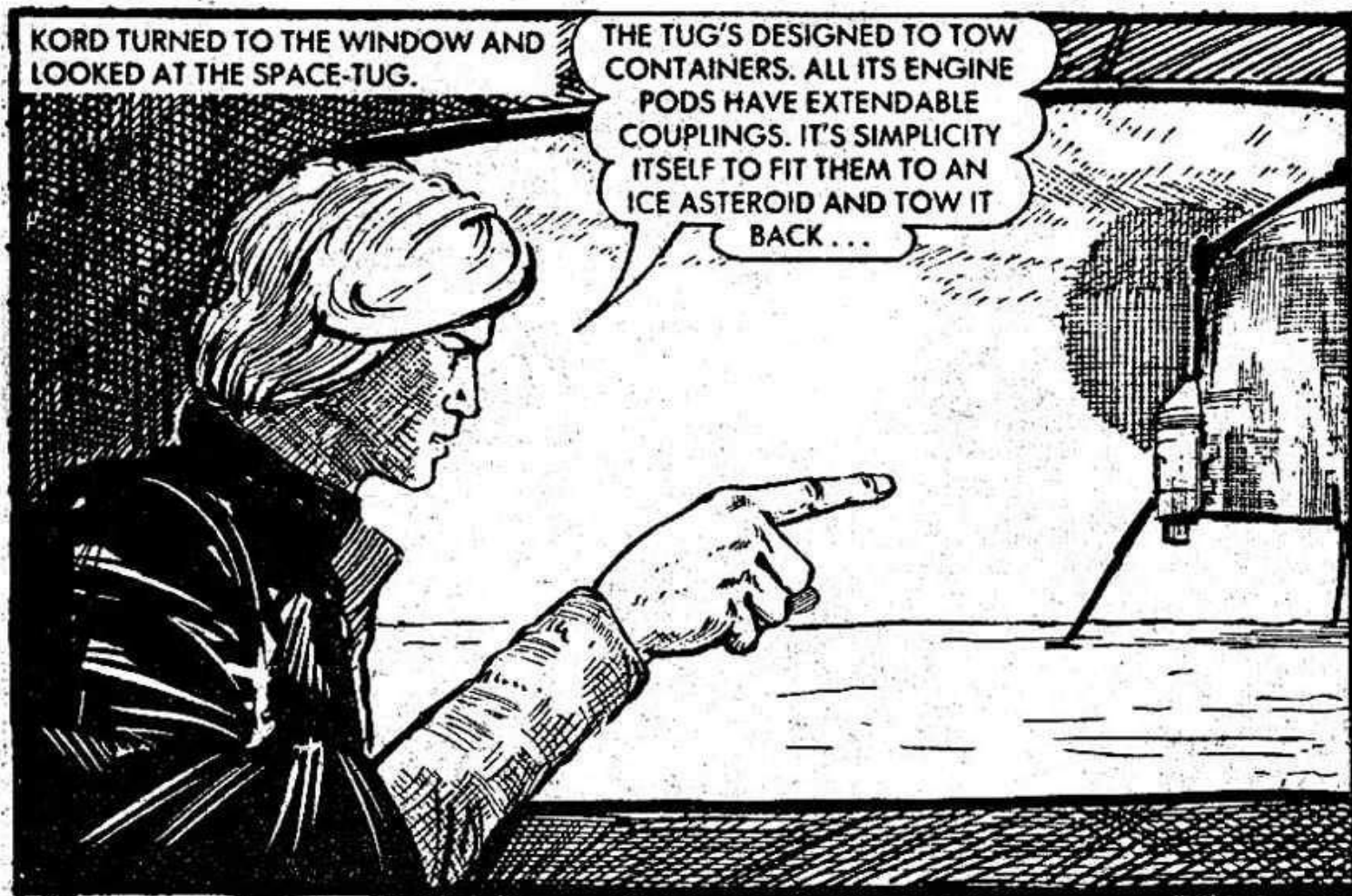
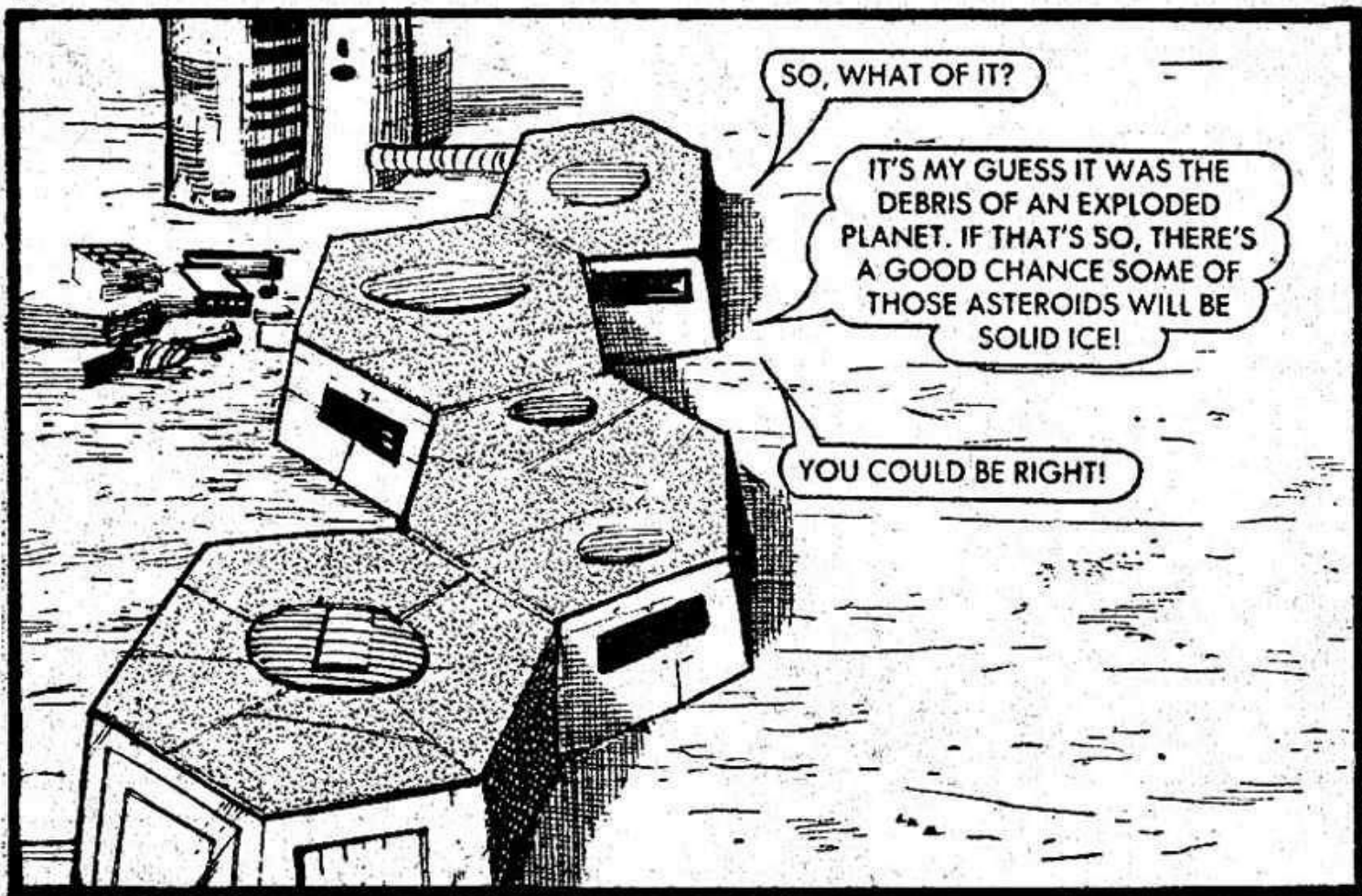
YOU'LL SOON COME
CRAWLING TO ME—THEN
THE PRICE WILL BE EVERY-
THING.





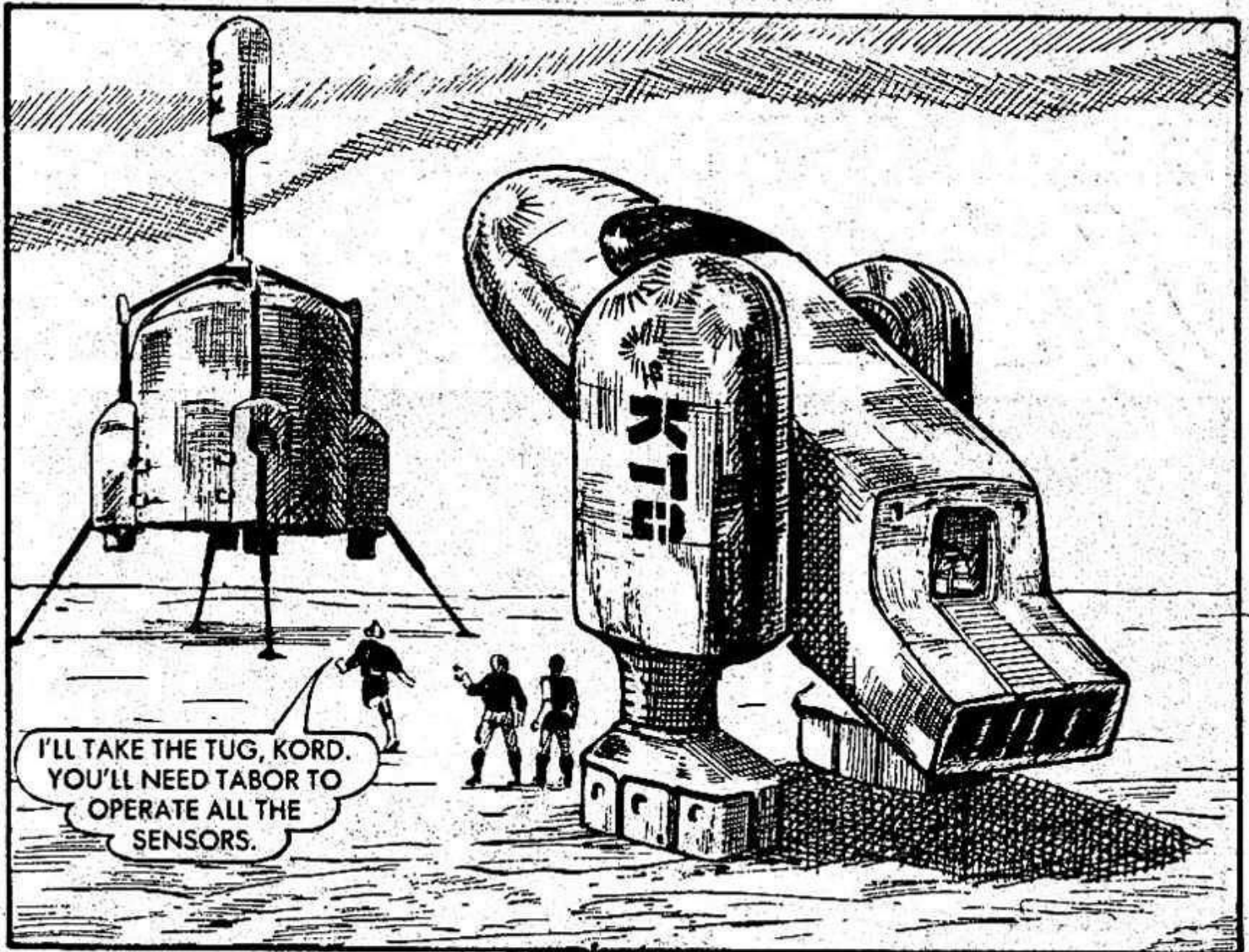
PUZZLED BY KORD'S GRIN, TABOR AND ORCA FOLLOWED HIM INTO THE CONTROL HUT.





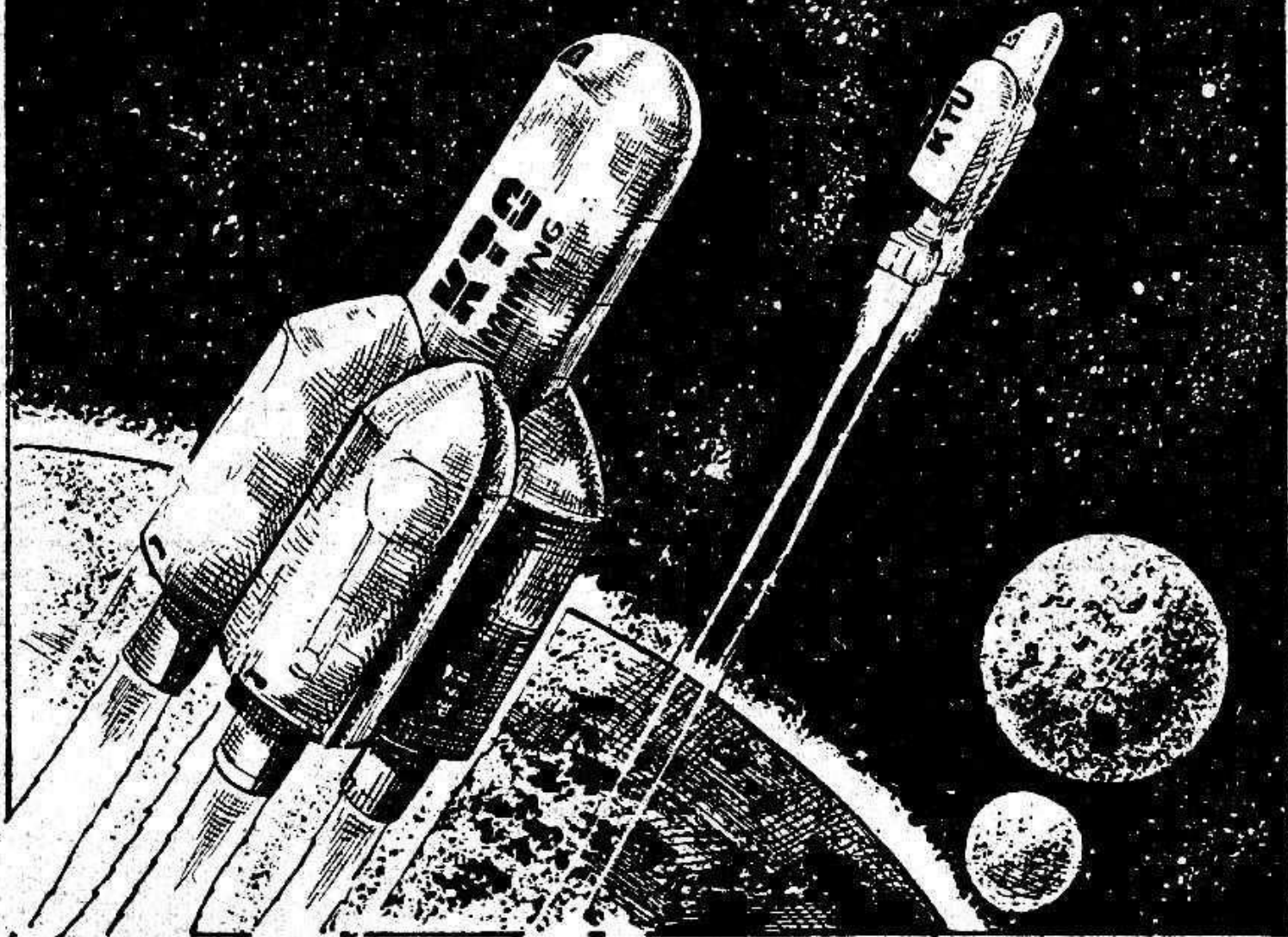
THE ASTRO-LOG SAYS THE
ASTEROID 'CLOUD' IS IN A
FAVOURABLE POSITION FOR
INTERCEPTION.

WELL WHAT ARE WE
WAITING FOR? LET'S GO!



I'LL TAKE THE TUG, KORD.
YOU'LL NEED TABOR TO
OPERATE ALL THE
SENSORS.

WITHIN MINUTES THEY WERE SPACEBOUND. THE TUG FOLDED ITS ENGINES AND BLASTED OFF AFTER THE SCOUTER.



HOURS LATER THEY REACHED THEIR TARGET. THOUSANDS OF MILES ACROSS, THE 'CLOUD' WAS COMPOSED OF ROCKS OF ALL SIZES.

PHEW! THIS WON'T BE EASY!

WE'LL BE ALL RIGHT AS LONG AS WE REMEMBER TO TRAVEL THE SAME WAY THE ASTEROIDS ARE GOING.



THEN BEGAN A NIGHTMARE JOURNEY THROUGH THE ASTEROIDS. MOVING FRACTIONALLY FASTER THAN THE 'CLOUD', THEY INCHED THEIR WAY ALONG, SENSORS SEARCHING FOR ICE.

IT TOOK THREE DAYS TO GET A HOPEFUL READING.

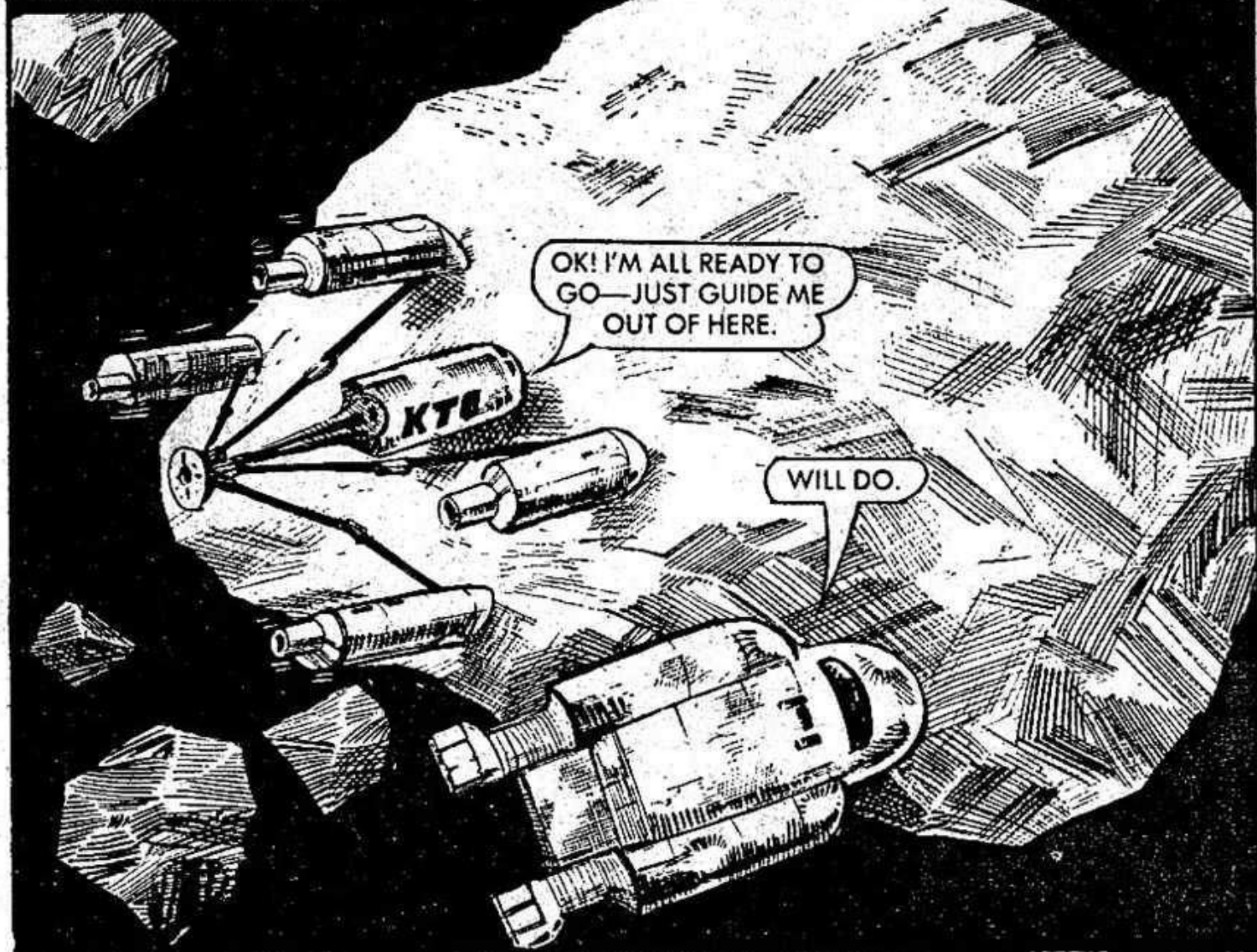
I'M GETTING A READING ON THE STARBOARD FIVE SENSOR.

GUIDE ME UP TO IT.

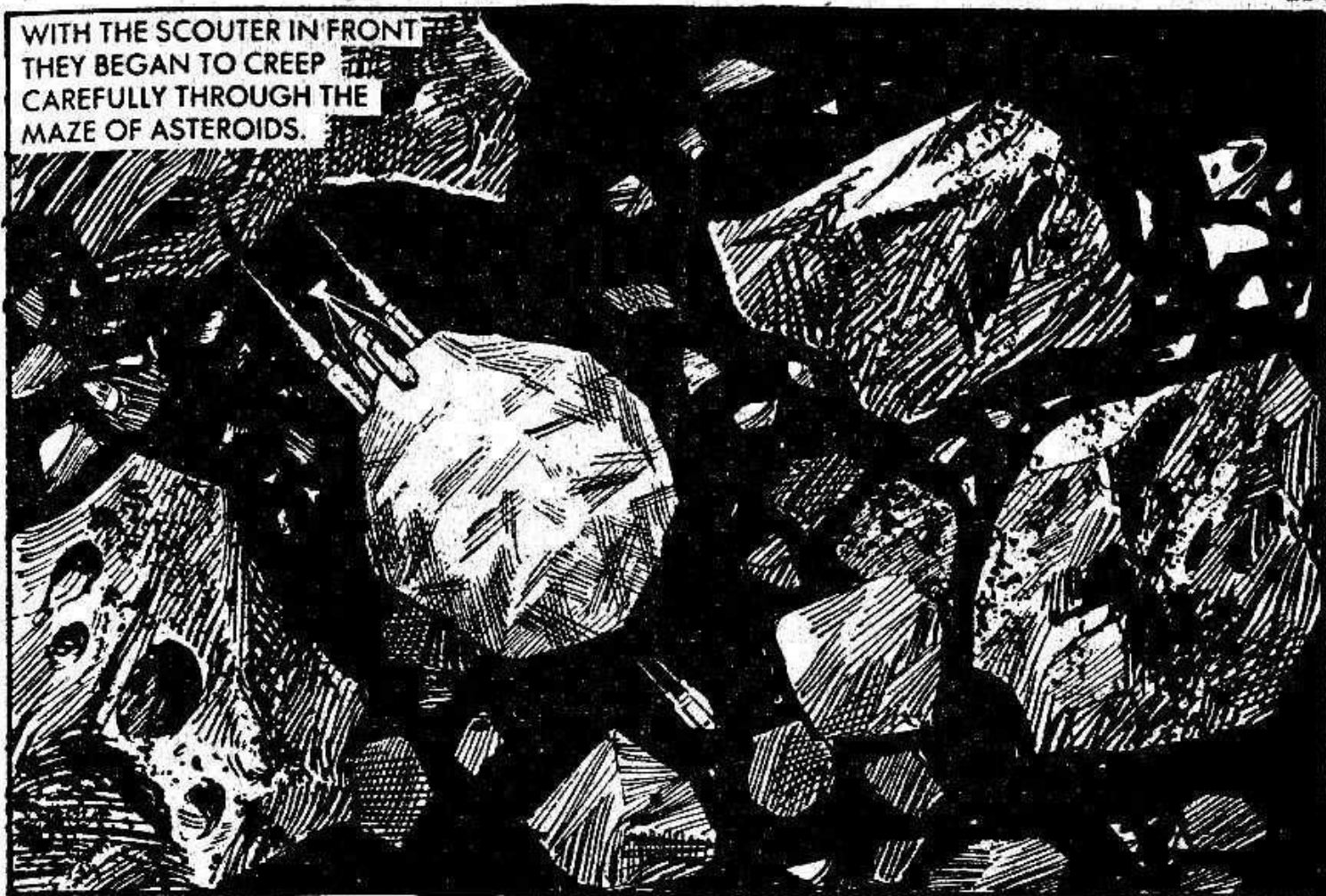




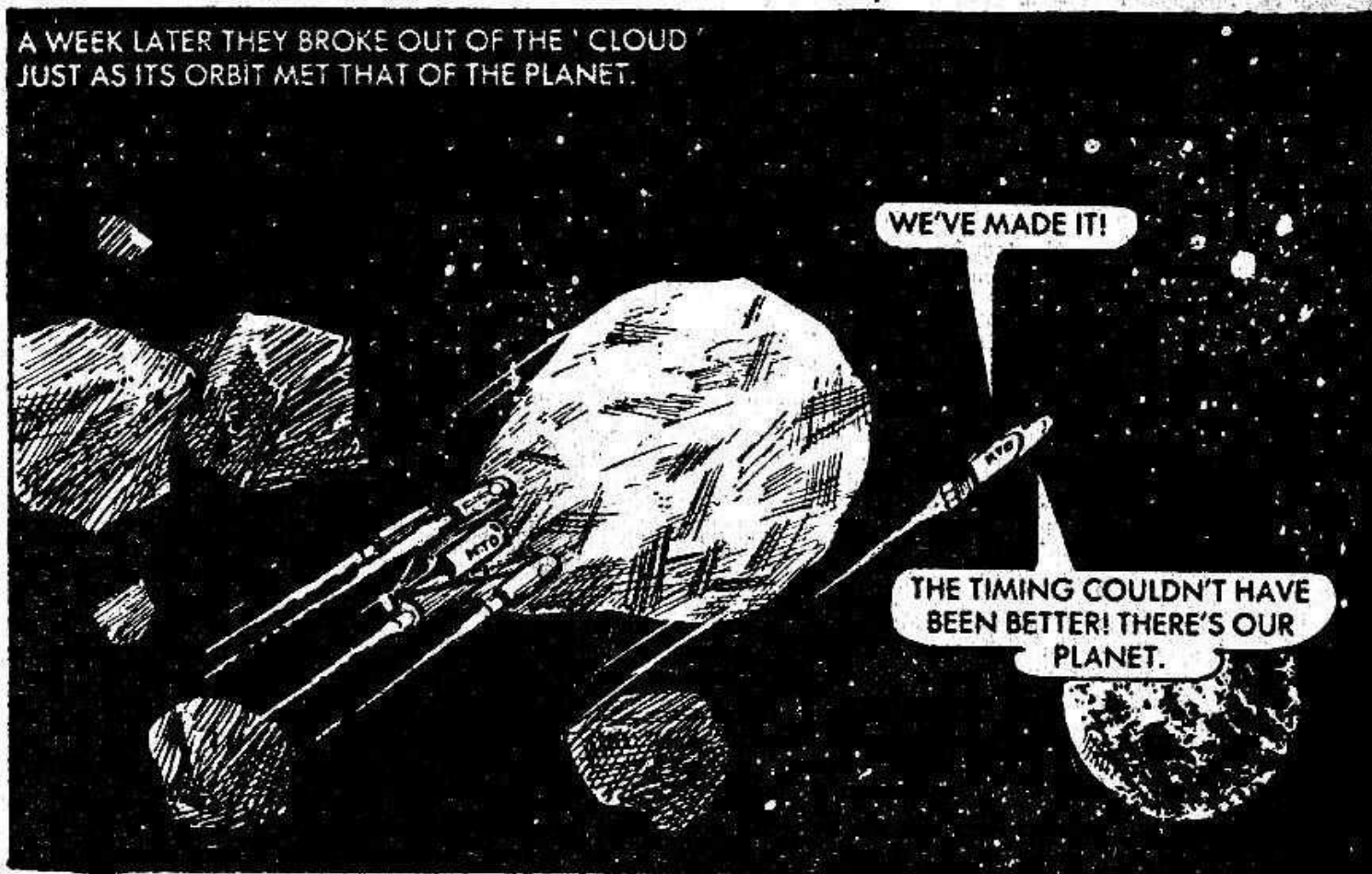
THE ENGINE PODS UNFOLDED AND PRESSED — AGAINST THE ICE. ORCA ADJUSTED AND READJUSTED UNTIL THE PRECISE THRUSTING POSITION WAS REACHED.



WITH THE SCOUTER IN FRONT
THEY BEGAN TO CREEP
CAREFULLY THROUGH THE
MAZE OF ASTEROIDS.



A WEEK LATER THEY BROKE OUT OF THE 'CLOUD'
JUST AS ITS ORBIT MET THAT OF THE PLANET.



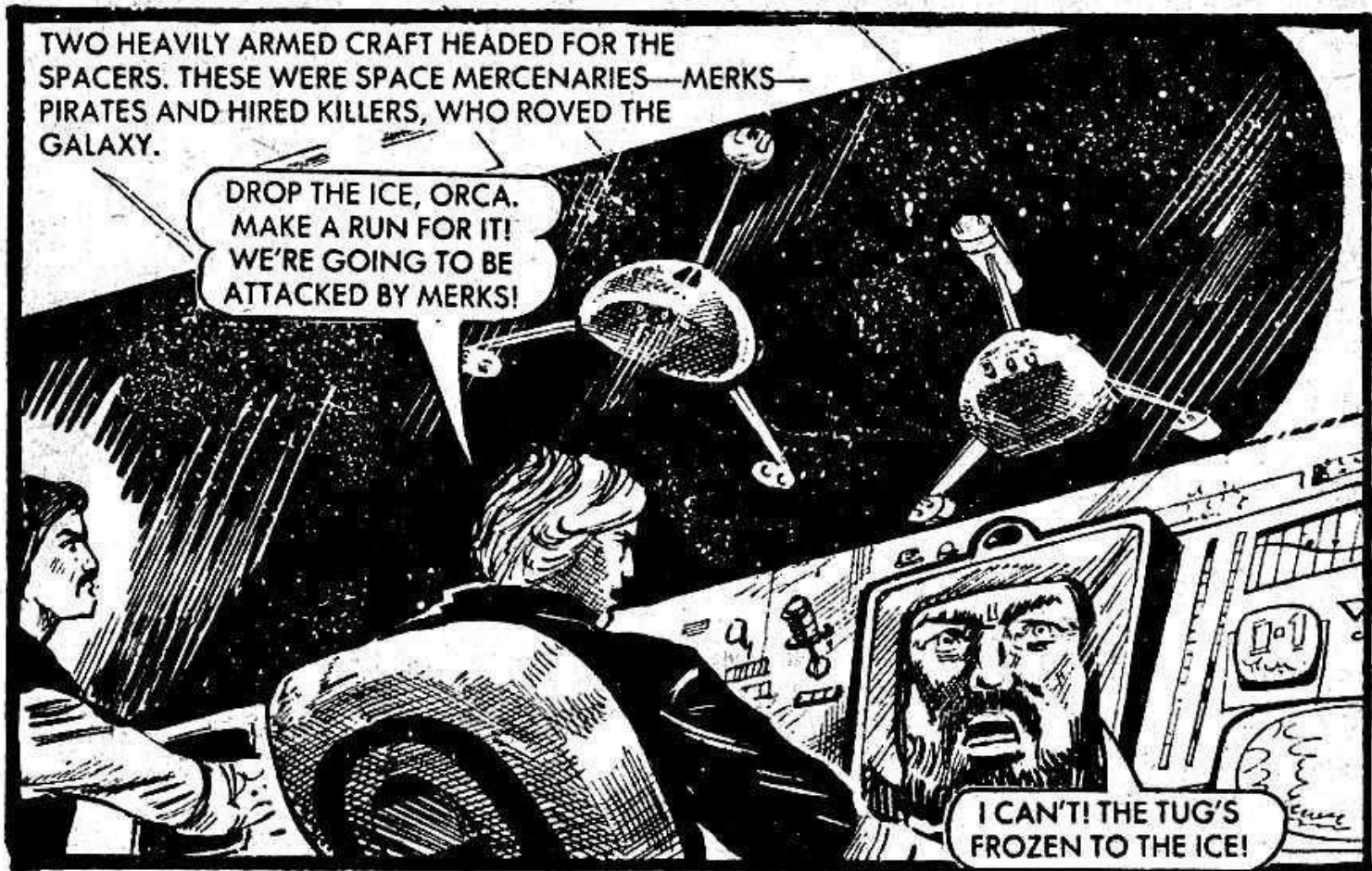
WE'VE MADE IT!

THE TIMING COULDN'T HAVE
BEEN BETTER! THERE'S OUR
PLANET.



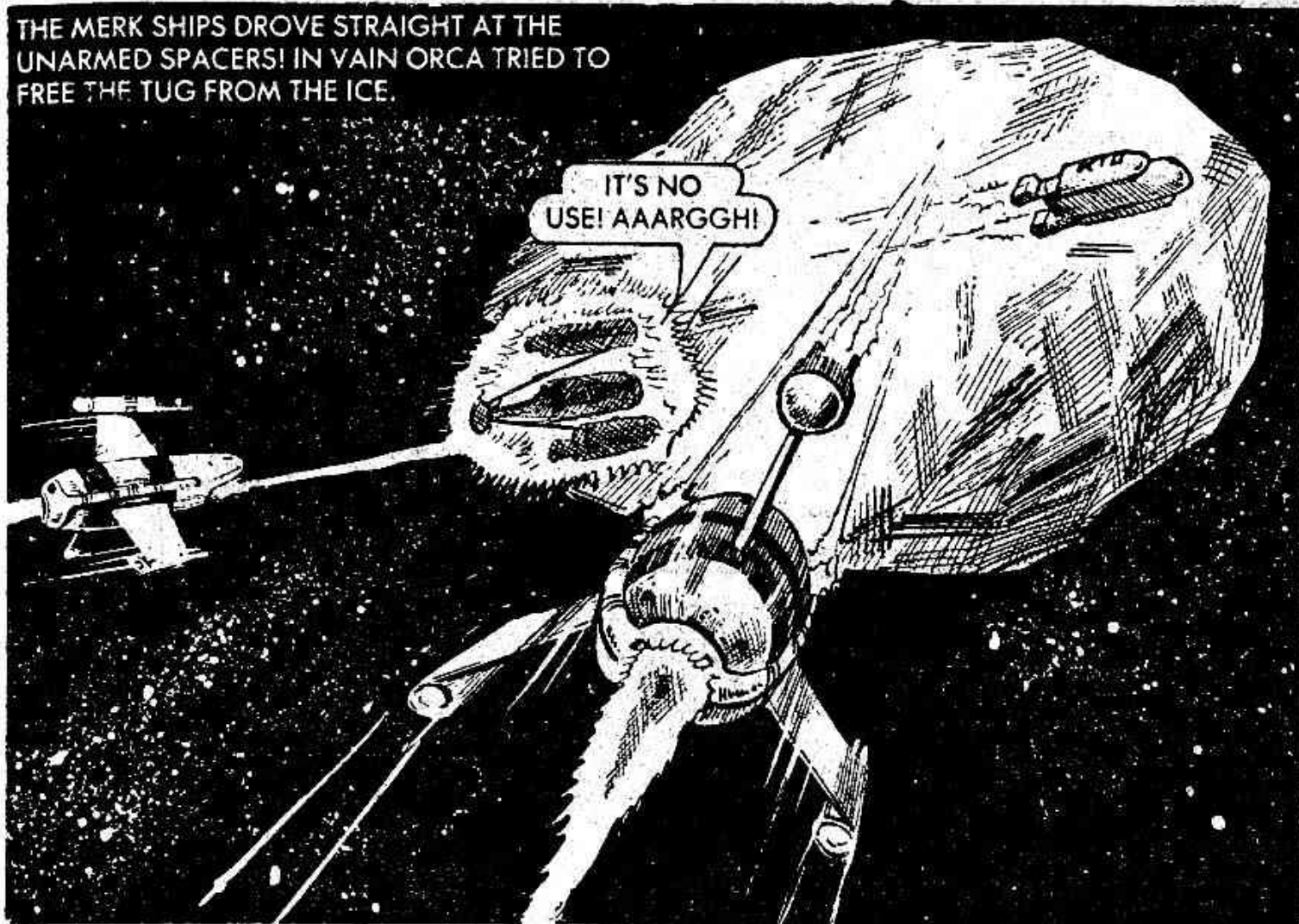
TWO HEAVILY ARMED CRAFT HEADED FOR THE SPACERS. THESE WERE SPACE MERCENARIES—MERKS—PIRATES AND HIRED KILLERS, WHO ROVED THE GALAXY.

DROP THE ICE, ORCA.
MAKE A RUN FOR IT!
WE'RE GOING TO BE
ATTACKED BY MERKS!



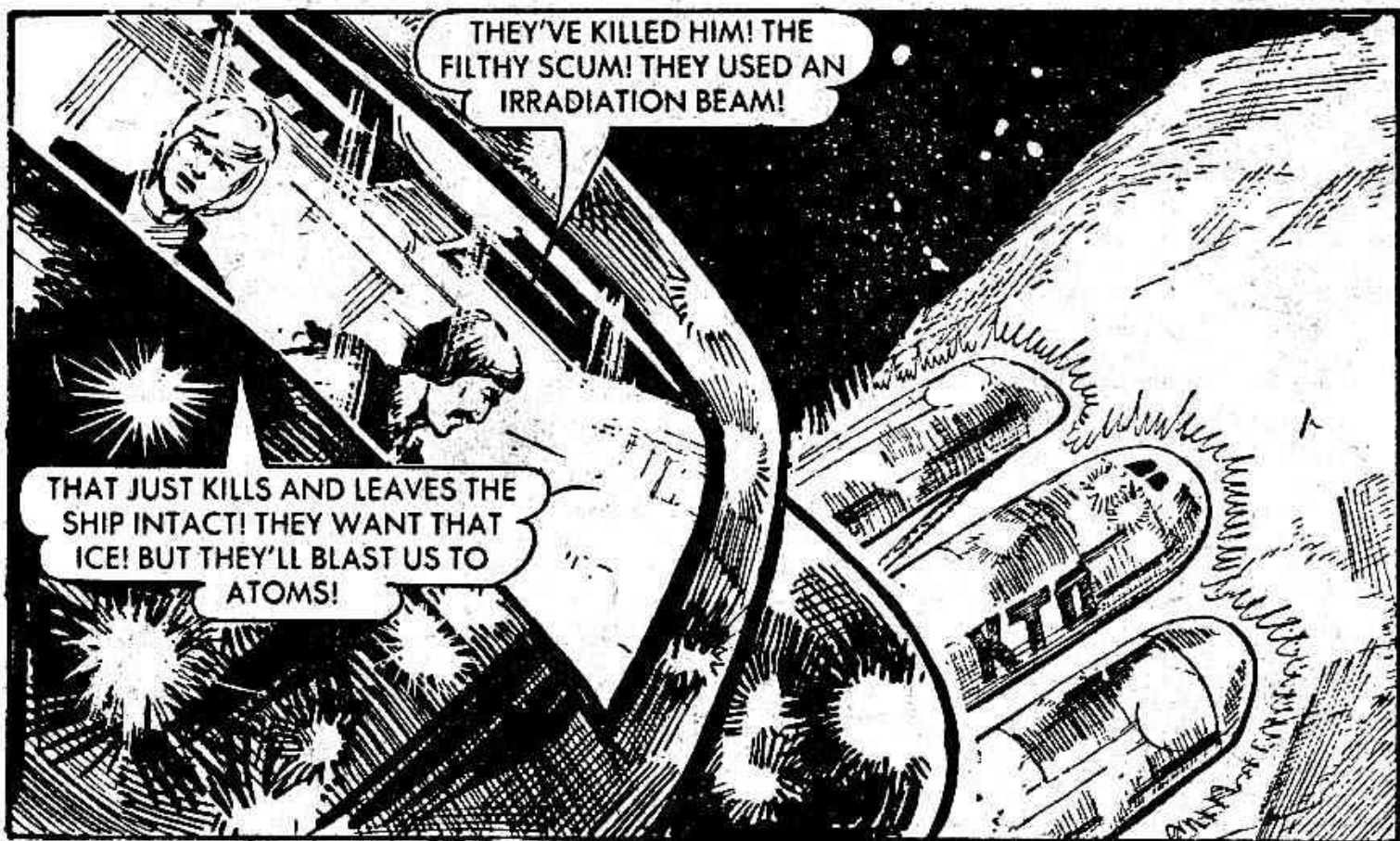
I CAN'T! THE TUG'S
FROZEN TO THE ICE!

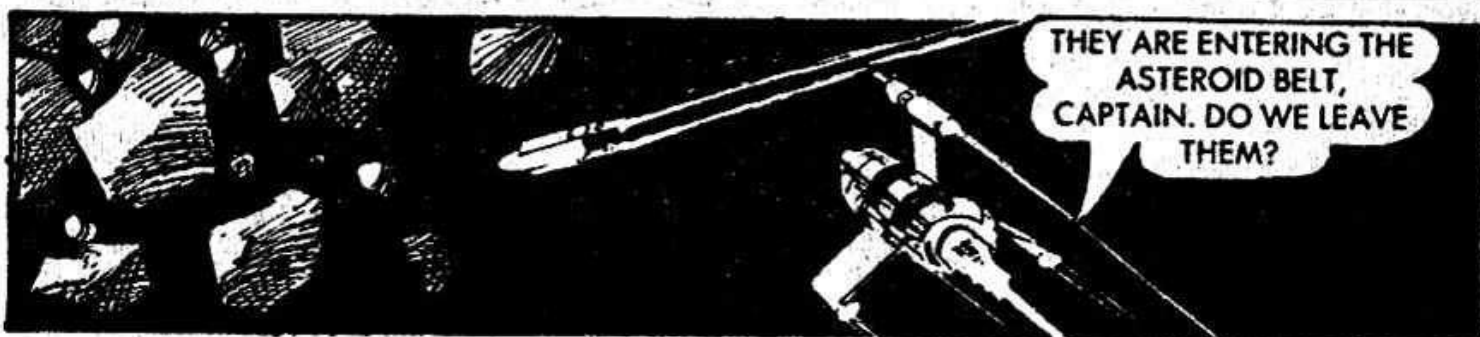
THE MERK SHIPS DROVE STRAIGHT AT THE UNARMED SPACERS! IN VAIN ORCA TRIED TO FREE THE TUG FROM THE ICE.



THEY'VE KILLED HIM! THE FILTHY SCUM! THEY USED AN IRRADIATION BEAM!

THAT JUST KILLS AND LEAVES THE SHIP INTACT! THEY WANT THAT ICE! BUT THEY'LL BLAST US TO ATOMS!








ONE OF THEM'S FOLLOWING US,
KORD! WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?

THESE ASTEROIDS ARE ALL
TRAVELLING AT ABOUT TWO
THOUSAND MILES A MINUTE
AROUND THE SUN. THEY
APPEAR STATIONARY TO
US—AS LONG AS WE
TRAVEL IN THE SAME
DIRECTION.



I SEE! IF WE TURN ROUND THEY'LL
RUSH AT US AT THAT SPEED PLUS
OUR OWN! IT'LL BE LIKE
DRIVING UP AN AVALANCHE!

YOU'VE GOT THE IDEA.
WE MIGHT MAKE THE MERK
SHIP CRASH!

SUDDENLY KORD SPUN THE LITTLE SCOUTER INTO THE FLOW OF THE ASTEROIDS!
AUTOMATICALLY THE MERKS FOLLOWED!

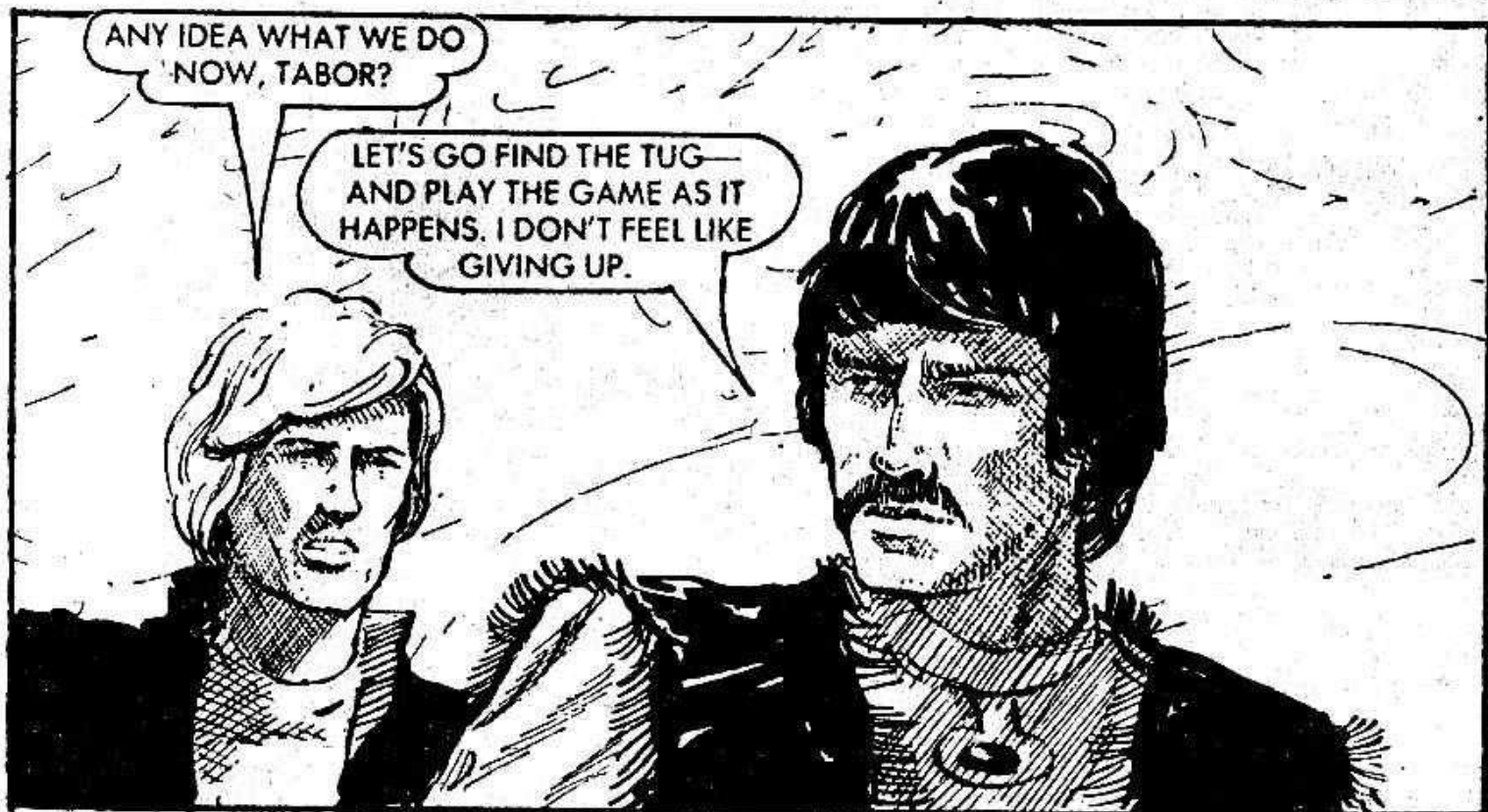
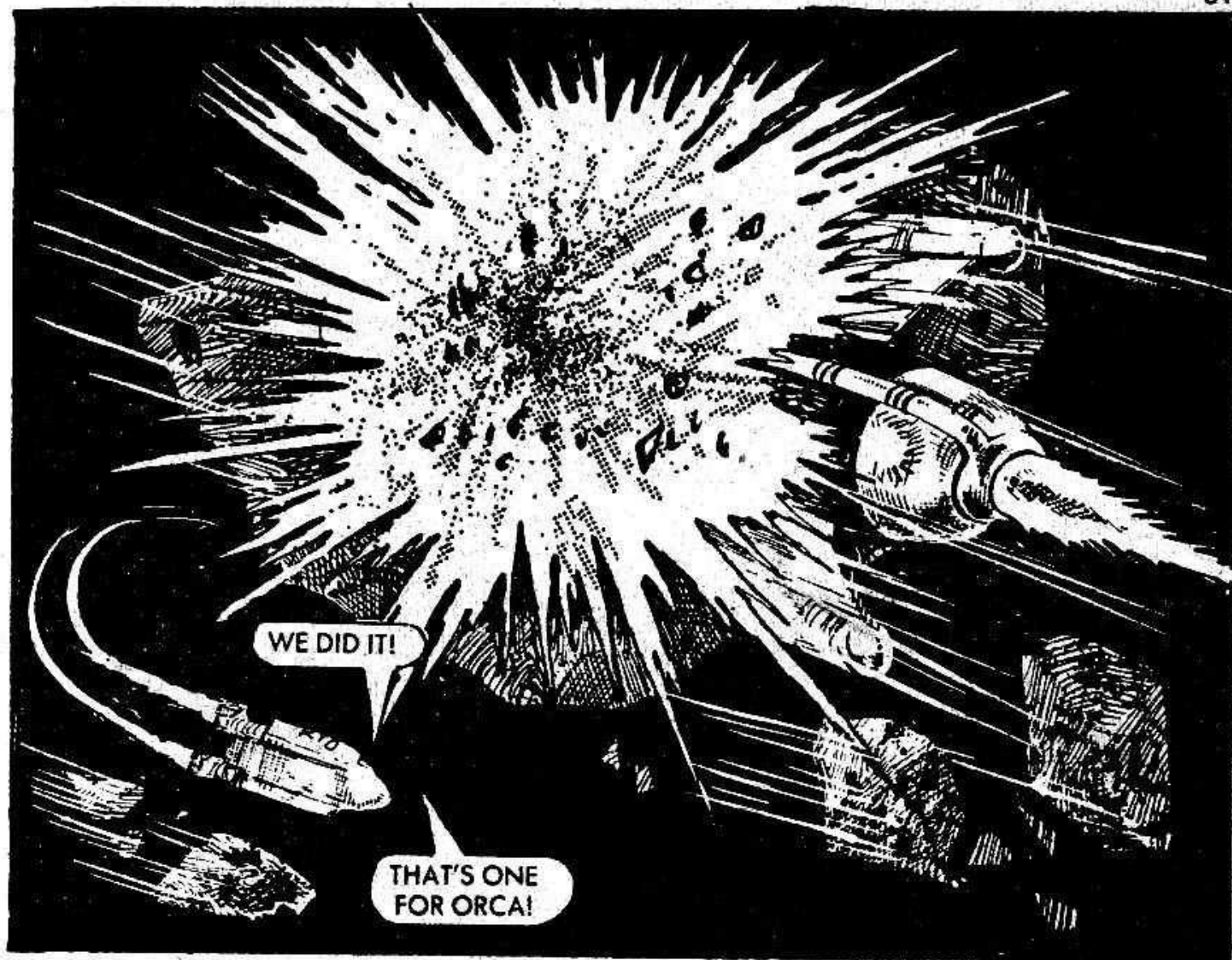
HANG ON!

THEY'RE TURNING! DON'T
LET THEM ESCAPE!

TOO LATE THE MERK COMMANDER REALISED HIS MISTAKE!

ARRGH! NO! TURN BACK!
TURN BACK! IT'S A
TRICK!

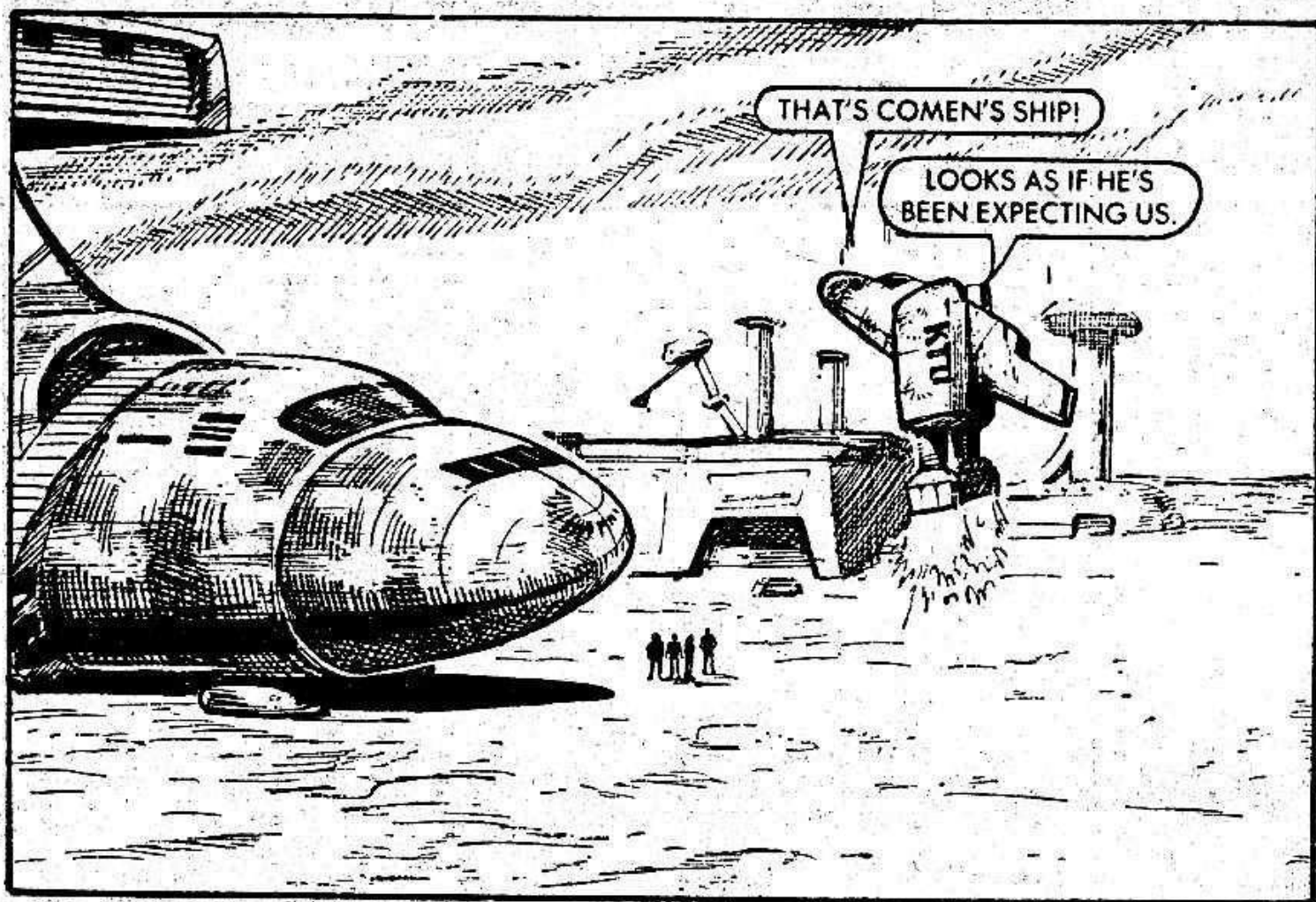




THEY FOUND THE ICE ORBITING THE PLANET—BUT ALONGSIDE THE MERK CRAFT WAS A COMEN SHIP.

THEY'RE SELLING THE ASTEROID TO COMEN'S SYNDICATE!

WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING UP HERE. WE'LL LAND AND CONFRONT COMEN.





EVEN AS HE SPOKE THE TWO SPACERS LEAPT INTO ACTION!



THE TWO MERKS FELL UNDER THE SUDDEN ONSLAUGHT BUT ONE OF COMEN'S HIRELINGS HURLED A SMALL BLACK OBJECT TOWARDS THE TWO SPACERS.



THE AIR AROUND KORD AND TABOR SCREAMED WITH VIBRATIONS UNTIL THEY COLLAPSED INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS.



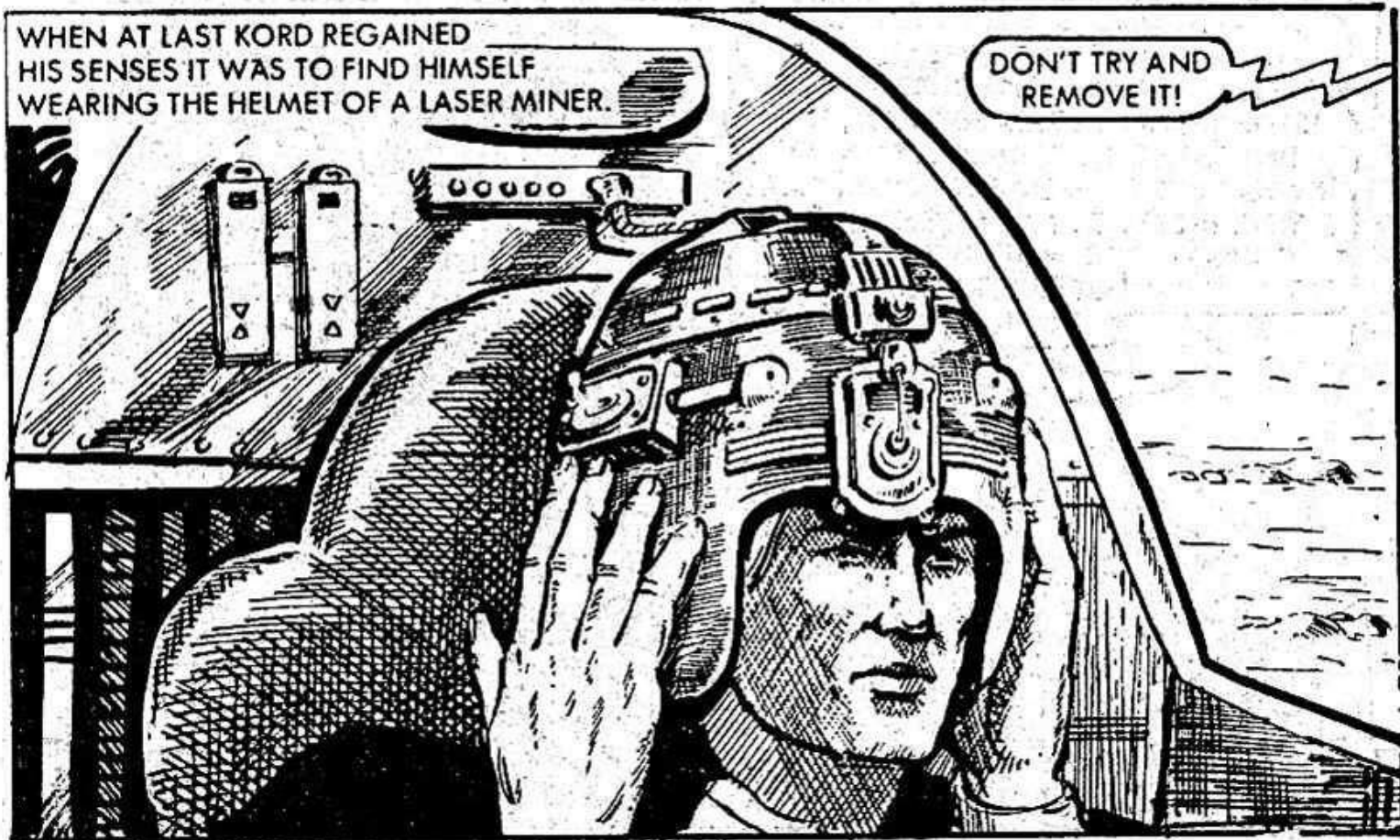
THAT STUN GRENADE STOPPED 'EM, BOSS. DO WE KILL THEM NOW?

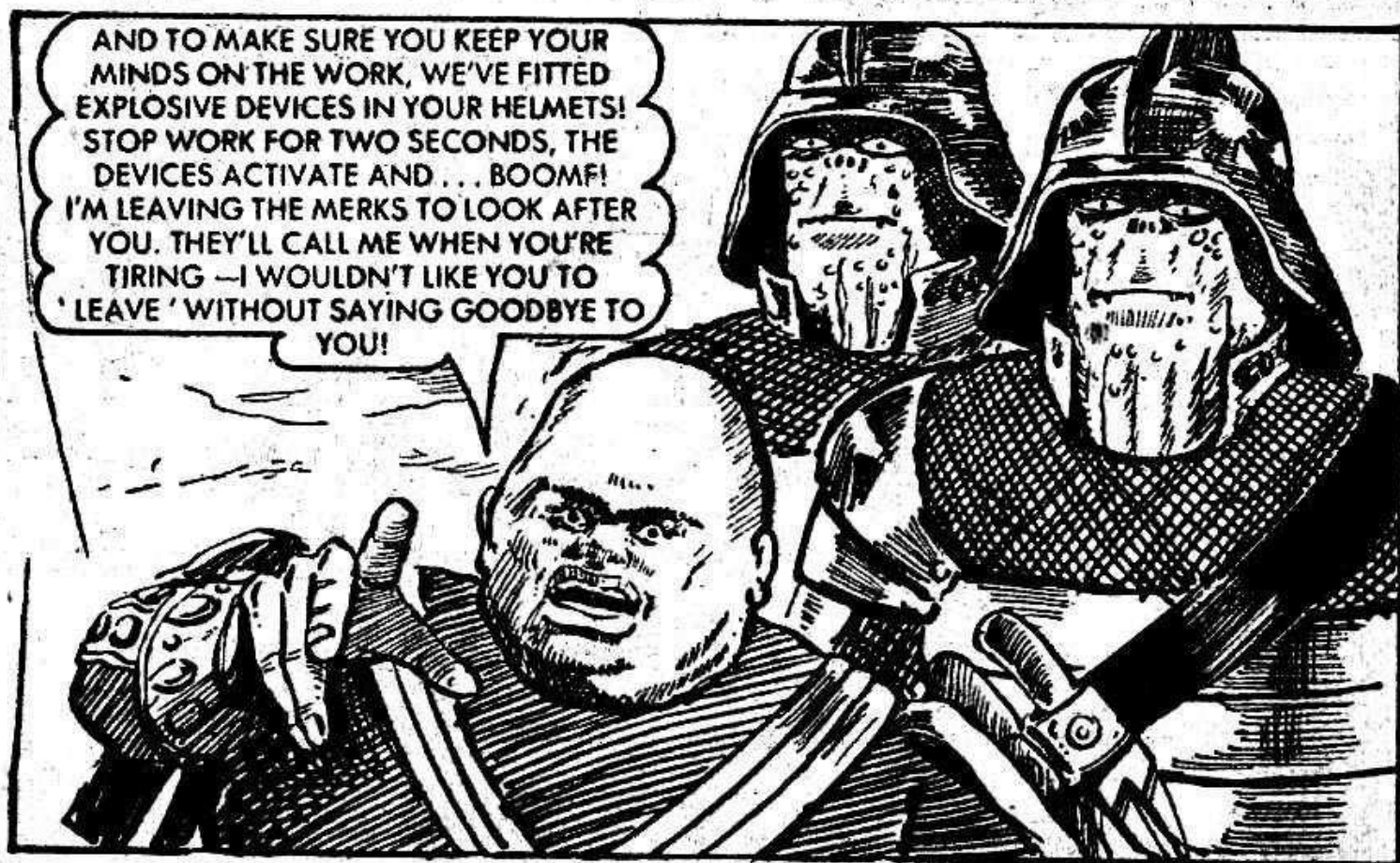
NO, I'VE A BETTER IDEA! TAKE THEM TO THE QUARRY. WE'LL HAVE SOME SPORT!



WHEN AT LAST KORD REGAINED HIS SENSES IT WAS TO FIND HIMSELF WEARING THE HELMET OF A LASER MINER.

DON'T TRY AND REMOVE IT!



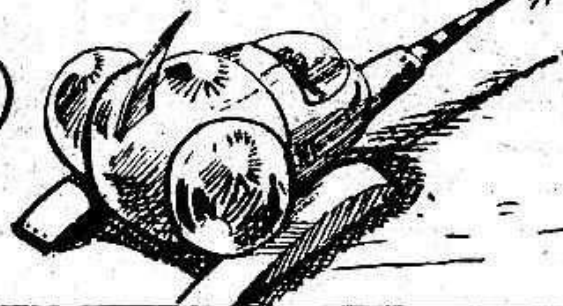


WHEN COMEN LEFT THE SPACERS BEGAN TO WORK BY CONTROLLING THE MACHINES WITH THOUGHT WAVES. THEY KNEW THAT STOPPING THE LASERS WOULD AUTOMATICALLY DETONATE THE BOMBS!

I WAGER THE DARK-HAIRED ONE TIRES FIRST!



MY MONEY'S ON THE ONE CALLED KORD!



THE HOURS DRAGGED BY. KORD FELT HIS CONCENTRATION SLIPPING. HE KNEW THEY COULDN'T LAST MUCH LONGER.

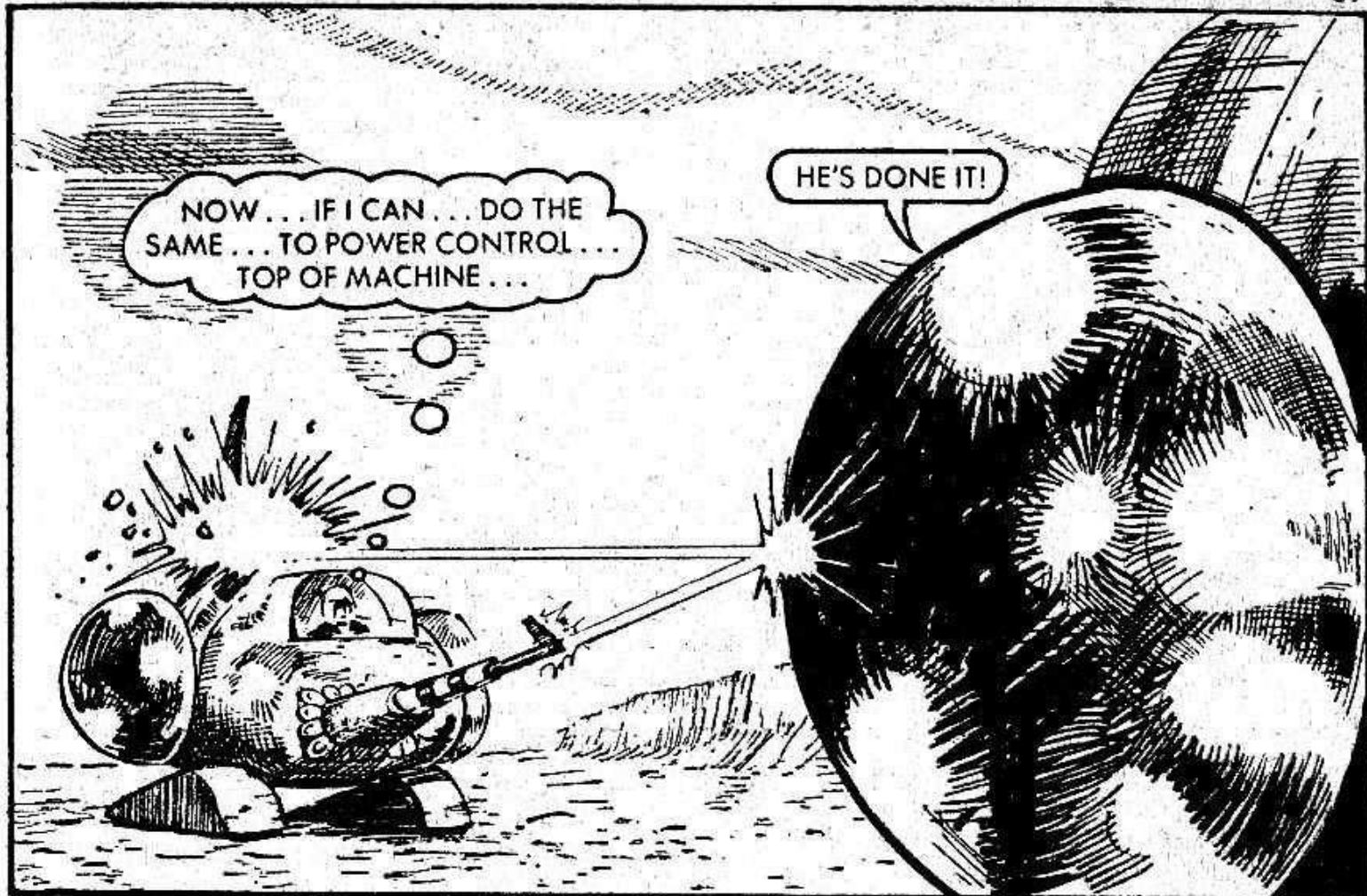
MUST FIND A WAY OUT ...
CAN'T TURN LASERS ... AROUND
TO GET ... THEM ... WAIT ...
LASERS ARE LIGHT ...



IF I CAN GET SLIGHTLY ...
BEHIND TABOR ...
I CAN SEE MERKS ...







IT WAS THE WORK OF SECONDS FOR KORD TO RELEASE HIMSELF FROM THE NOW HARMLESS HELMET AND FREE TABOR.

I THINK WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE COMEN REALISES SOMETHING'S WRONG!

YOU'RE RIGHT. THERE'S THE MERK HOVER-BUG OVER THERE, WE'LL TAKE THAT!



AND WE'LL TAKE A COUPLE
OF THESE ENERGY CANNON.

HURRY UP. THE SOONER
WE'RE OUT OF HERE THE
BETTER.



THEN THEY WERE IN THE HOVER-BUG AND STREAKING ACROSS THE DESERT TO
THE FAR OFF MOUNTAINS THAT DIVIDED THEIR CLAIM FROM COMEN'S.

WE'VE NO ALTERNATIVE
NOW. WE'LL HAVE TO GET
BACK TO OUR CAMP AND
SEND A MAYDAY CAPSULE
FOR HELP.

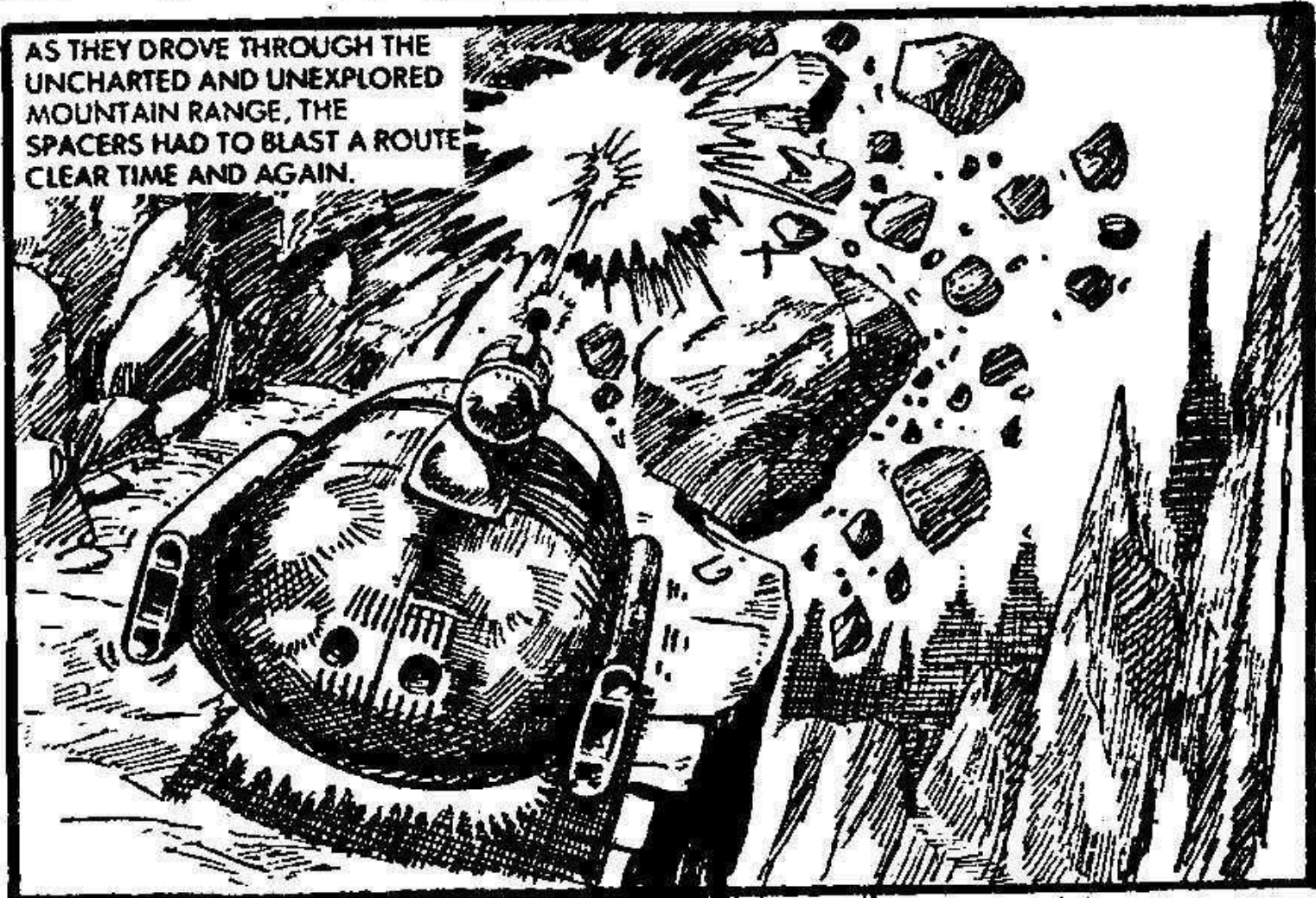
IT WILL BE MONTHS BEFORE
GALACTIC MARSHALLS CAN
GET HERE.



THERE'S ONLY A DAY'S SUPPLY OF
WATER IN THE SURVIVAL BOX.

THEN WE'VE GOT TO GET TO
OUR CAMP! BUT FIRST WE'VE
GOT TO GET THROUGH THESE
MOUNTAINS.

AS THEY DROVE THROUGH THE
UNCHARTED AND UNEXPLORED
MOUNTAIN RANGE, THE
SPACERS HAD TO BLAST A ROUTE
CLEAR TIME AND AGAIN.



AS NIGHT FELL AND THE TRIPLE MOONS OF SARANA ROSE, THEY THANKFULLY STOPPED AND MADE CAMP.

HOW MUCH FURTHER
TO GO, TABOR?

I RECKON ABOUT ANOTHER
TWENTY MILES OF MOUNTAINS
BEFORE THE DESERT PLAIN.

THEY FELL INTO A DEEP, EXHAUSTED SLEEP FROM
WHICH KORD WAS AWAKENED BY A CURIOUS
GRATING SOUND.

MERKS? COMEN?

TABOR! WAKE UP! SOMETHING'S
ATTACKING THE HOVER-BUG!




WHAT IN SPACE ARE THEY?

I DON'T KNOW! BUT BLAST THEM
BEFORE THEY WRECK THE BUG—
THEY'RE EATING IT!








A black and white comic panel showing a man and a woman in a dark, industrial setting. They are looking at a large, complex mechanical device with various pipes, valves, and a cylindrical component. The woman, on the left, has short, wavy hair and is wearing a dark jacket. The man, on the right, has dark hair and a mustache, and is wearing a dark shirt. A speech bubble from the woman says, "PHEW! THEY'VE EATEN HALF OF IT AWAY!". Another speech bubble from the man says, "BUT THEY'VE ONLY GONE FOR THOSE PARTS WITH IRON IN THEM!".

PHEW! THEY'VE EATEN
HALF OF IT AWAY!

BUT THEY'VE ONLY GONE FOR
THOSE PARTS WITH IRON IN THEM!

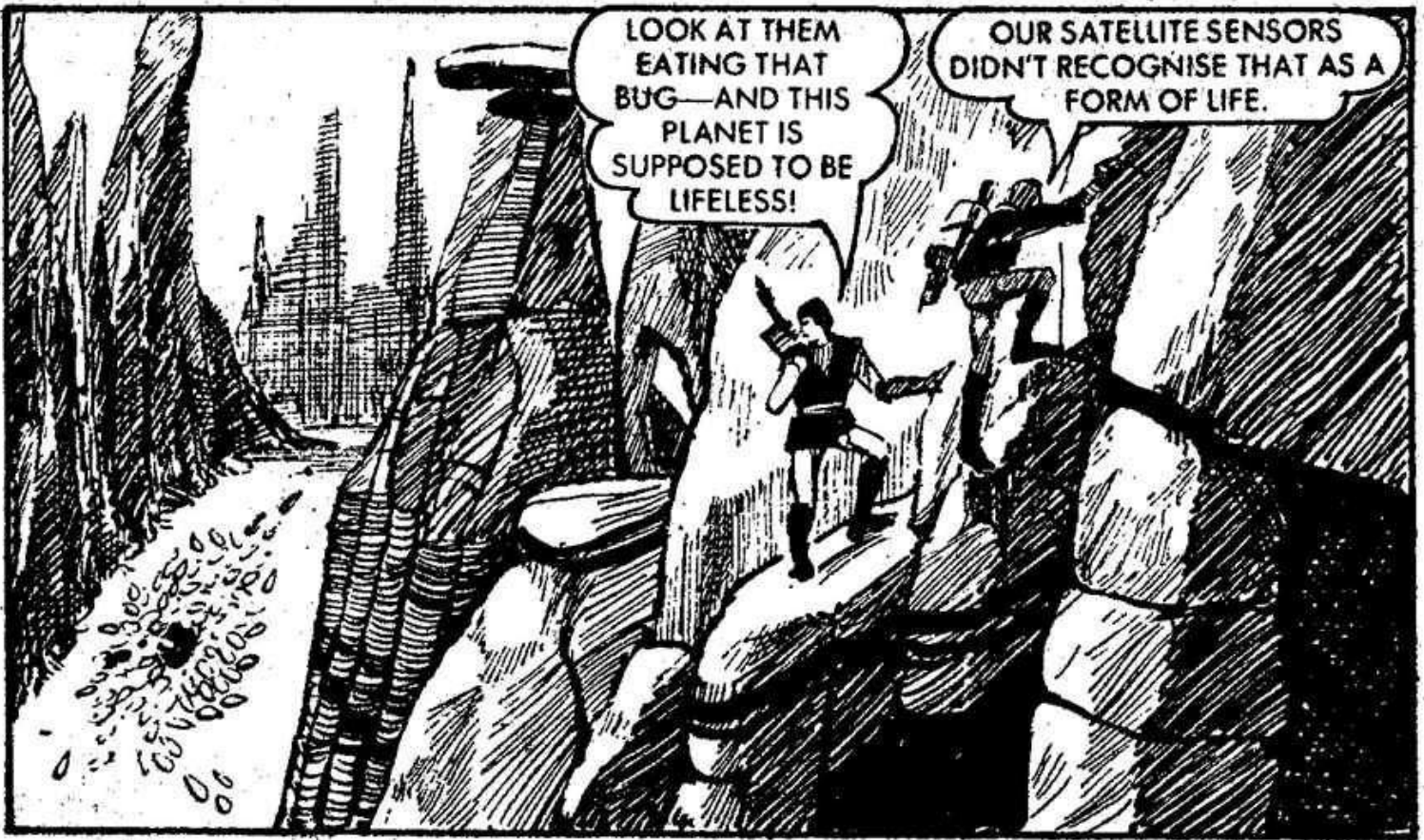
THEY SET TO WORK STRIPPING THE BUG OF USEFUL
ITEMS. AS DAWN BROKE A HORDE OF THE CRYSTAL
CREATURES RUMBLLED SWIFTLY TOWARDS THEM.



A black and white comic panel showing two men running away from a large pile of crystal creatures. The man on the left is wearing a dark jacket and light-colored pants, and is carrying a large cylindrical object on his back. He is holding a long, thin object in his right hand. The man on the right is wearing a dark shirt and light-colored pants, and is holding a long, thin object in his right hand. A speech bubble from the man on the left says, "THERE'S HUNDREDS OF THEM!". Another speech bubble from the man on the right says, "TIME WE LEFT! THEY MOVE TOO QUICKLY FOR MY LIKING!".

THERE'S HUNDREDS
OF THEM!

TIME WE LEFT! THEY MOVE
TOO QUICKLY FOR MY
LIKING!



HOUR AFTER HOUR THEY CLIMBED ON THROUGH THE
MOUNTAINS, THIRSTY AND EXHAUSTED.



KORD PAUSED TO CHECK THE AUTOCOMPASS HE'D TAKEN FROM THE BUG. THERE CAME A LOUD 'CRACK' AND HE LOOKED UP TO SEE A SHOWER OF SMALL ROCKS ERUPTING FROM A LARGE ROCK.



THEY FELL DOWN ON THE UNSUSPECTING SPACER STICKING TO HIS CLOTHING AND FLESH!



AGAIN THE ROCK ERUPTED BUT THIS TIME KORD
UNLEASHED A FULL ENERGY BLAST FROM HIS CANNON.

ARE YOU OK,
TABOR?

URRGH! YES, I THINK SO!

THAT 'THING' FIRED THOSE AS WE
APPROACHED. THEY MUST BE SPORES OR
SEEDS DESIGNED TO CLING TO ANY
MOVING OBJECT.

SOUNDS REASONABLE! HEY,
LOOK AT THIS!

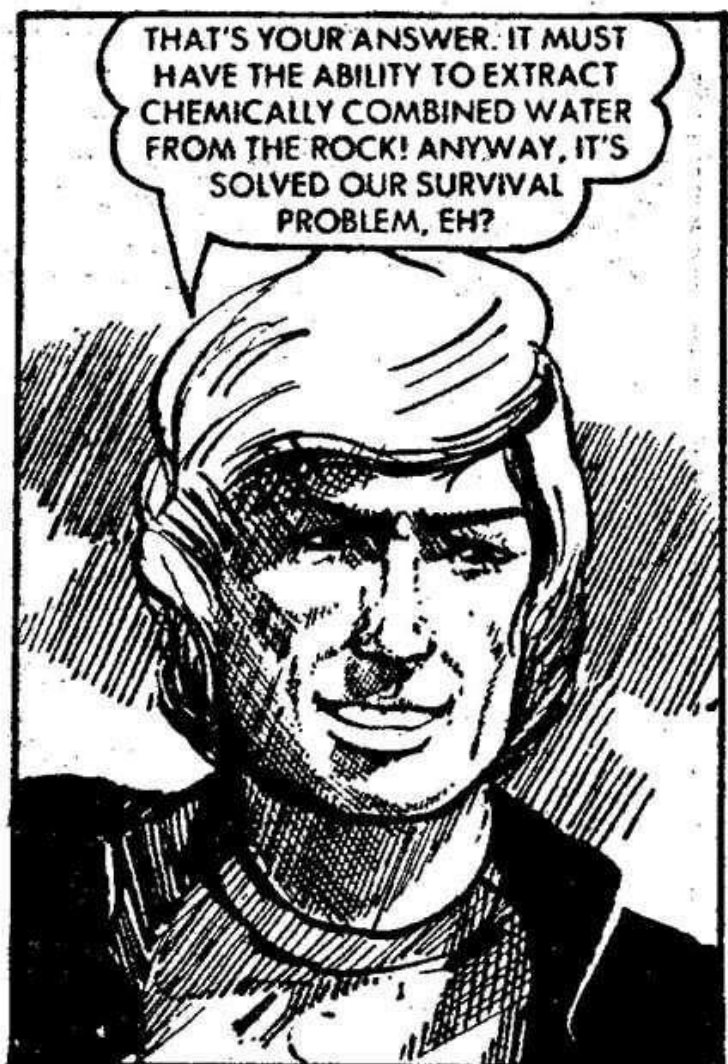


EAGERLY THEY SLAKED THEIR THIRSTS AND FILLED THEIR EMPTY WATER TANK.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT. THERE'S NO WATER ON THIS PLANET, AND LOOK AT THIS THING... IT'S ROOTED INTO THE ROCK!



THAT'S YOUR ANSWER. IT MUST HAVE THE ABILITY TO EXTRACT CHEMICALLY COMBINED WATER FROM THE ROCK! ANYWAY, IT'S SOLVED OUR SURVIVAL PROBLEM, EH?

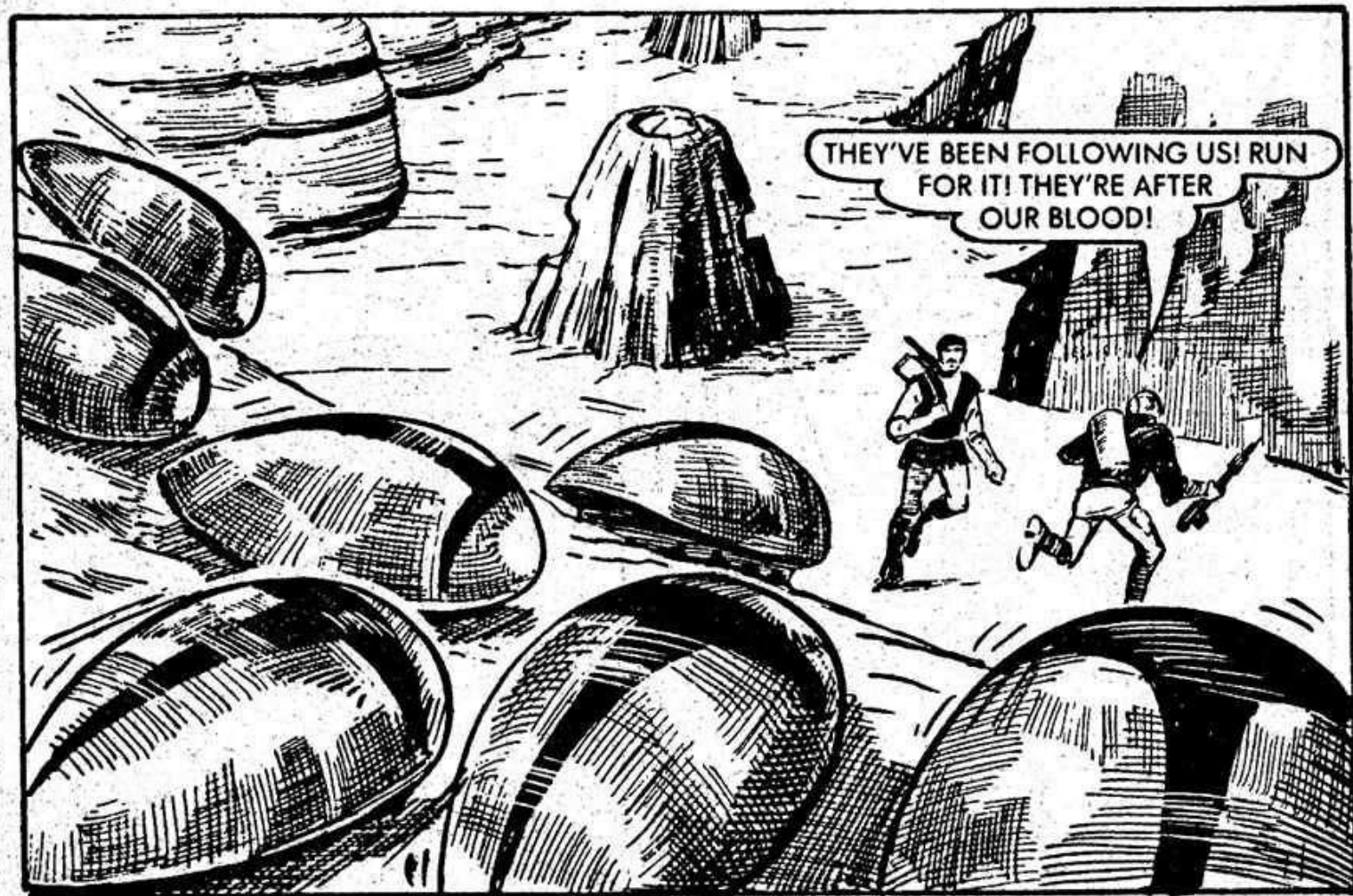


BUT TABOR DIDN'T ANSWER. HE STARED IN DISBELIEF AS A HORDE OF THE CRYSTAL CREATURES SWARMED INTO VIEW.

WHAT'S YOUR EXPLANATION FOR THIS, KORD?



THEY'VE BEEN FOLLOWING US! RUN FOR IT! THEY'RE AFTER OUR BLOOD!



THEY ATE THE IRON PARTS OF THE BUG,
REMEMBER? IRON'S FOOD TO THEM—AND OUR
BODIES CONTAIN IRON! WE'LL NEVER SHAKE
THEM OFF! BUT WE CAN MOVE FASTER THAN
THEY CAN!



THE SPACERS HURRIED ON UNTIL AT LAST THEY
SIGHTED THE DESERT PLAIN AND THEIR CLAIM IN
THE DISTANCE.

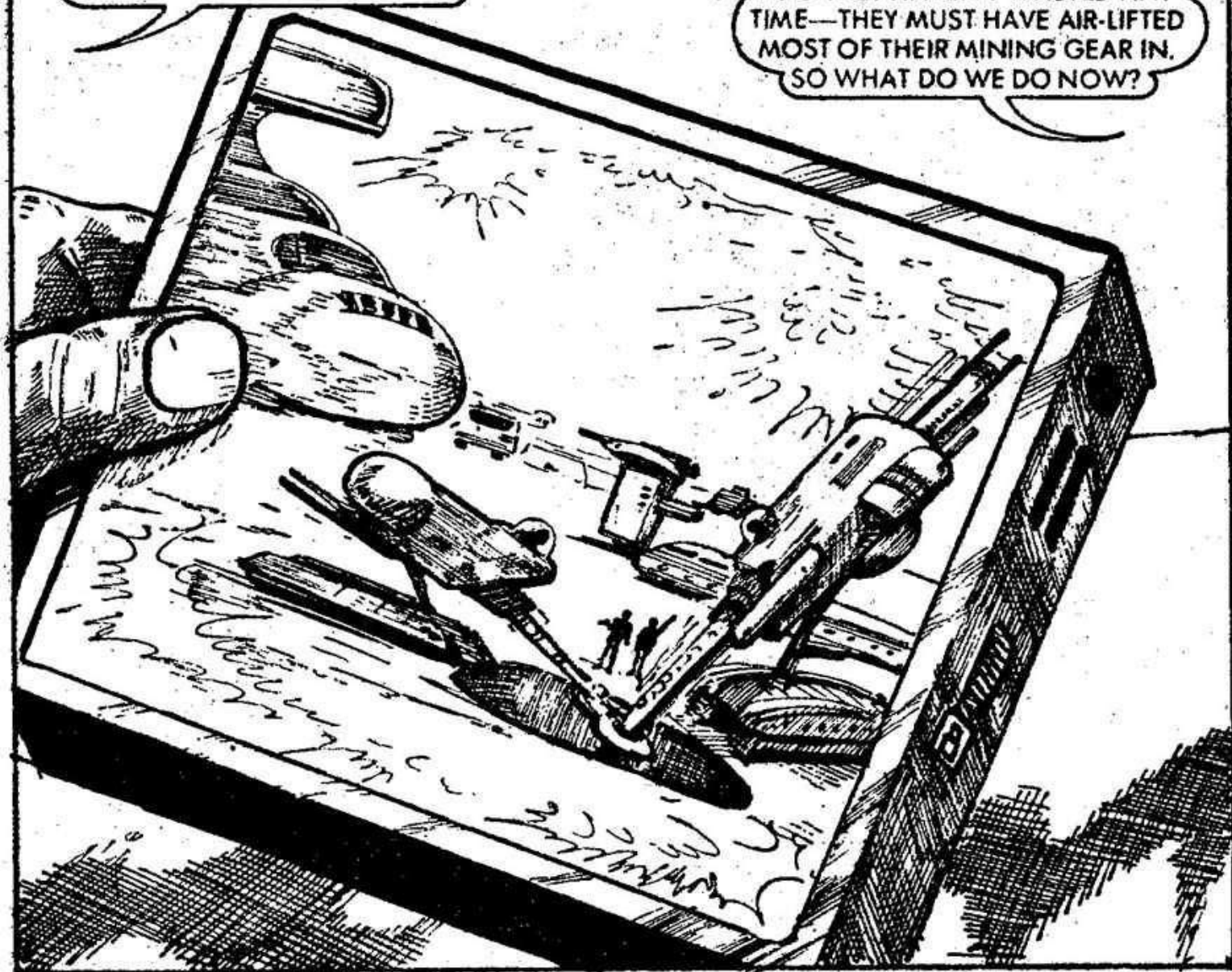


AS THEY GOT NEARER THEY REALISED SOMETHING WAS WRONG. TAKING A ZOOM VIEWER FROM HIS PACK, KORD EXAMINED THE SCENE.

COMEN'S BEATEN
US TO IT!

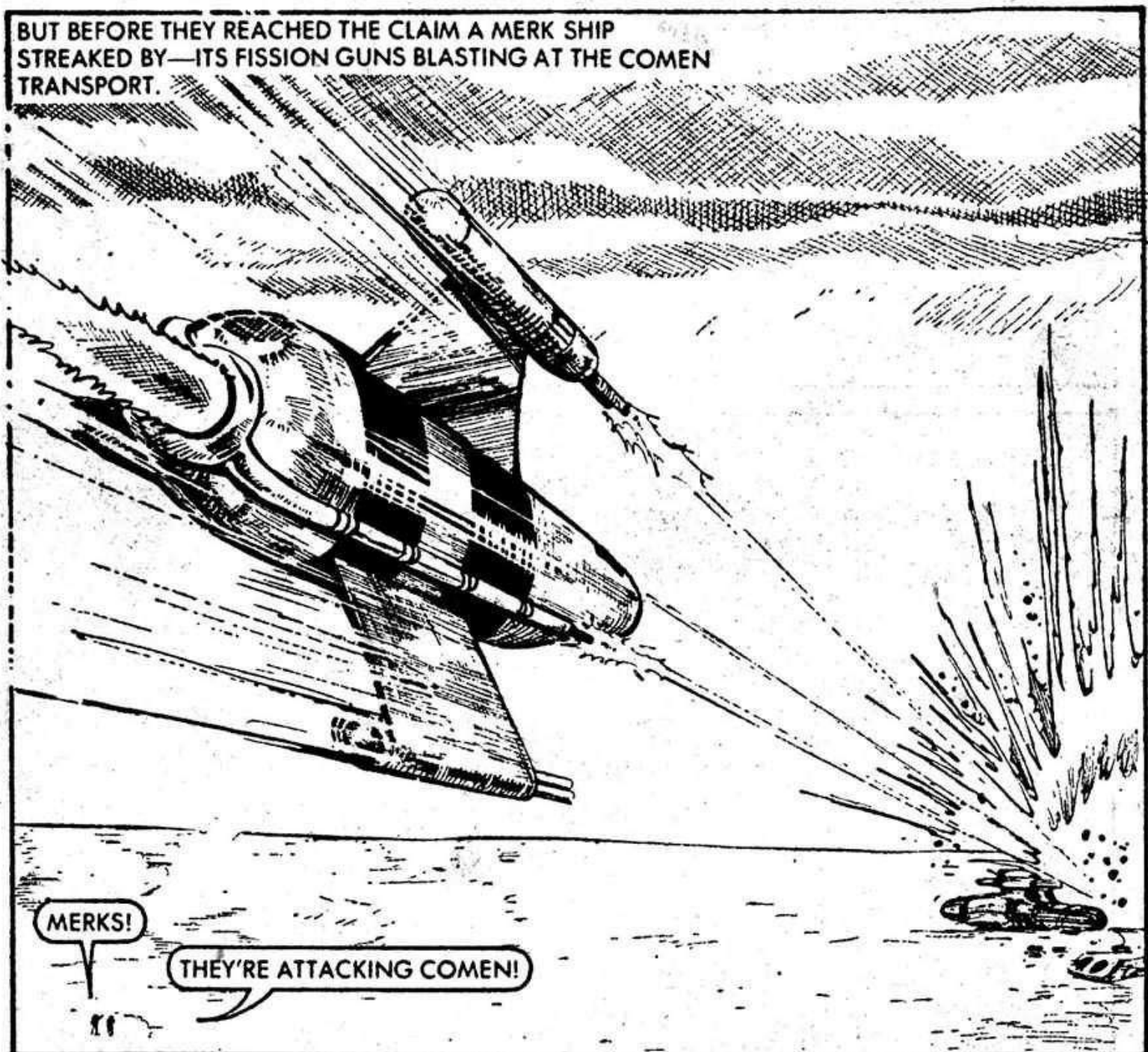
LOOKS AS IF THEY'VE BEEN
MINING OUR THYRILLIUM FIND.

AND THEY HAVEN'T WASTED ANY
TIME—THEY MUST HAVE AIR-LIFTED
MOST OF THEIR MINING GEAR IN.
SO WHAT DO WE DO NOW?





BUT BEFORE THEY REACHED THE CLAIM A MERK SHIP STREAKED BY—ITS FISSION GUNS BLASTING AT THE COMEN TRANSPORT.



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE MERKS ATTACKED UNTIL ALL THE COMEN TRANSPORTS WERE DESTROYED.



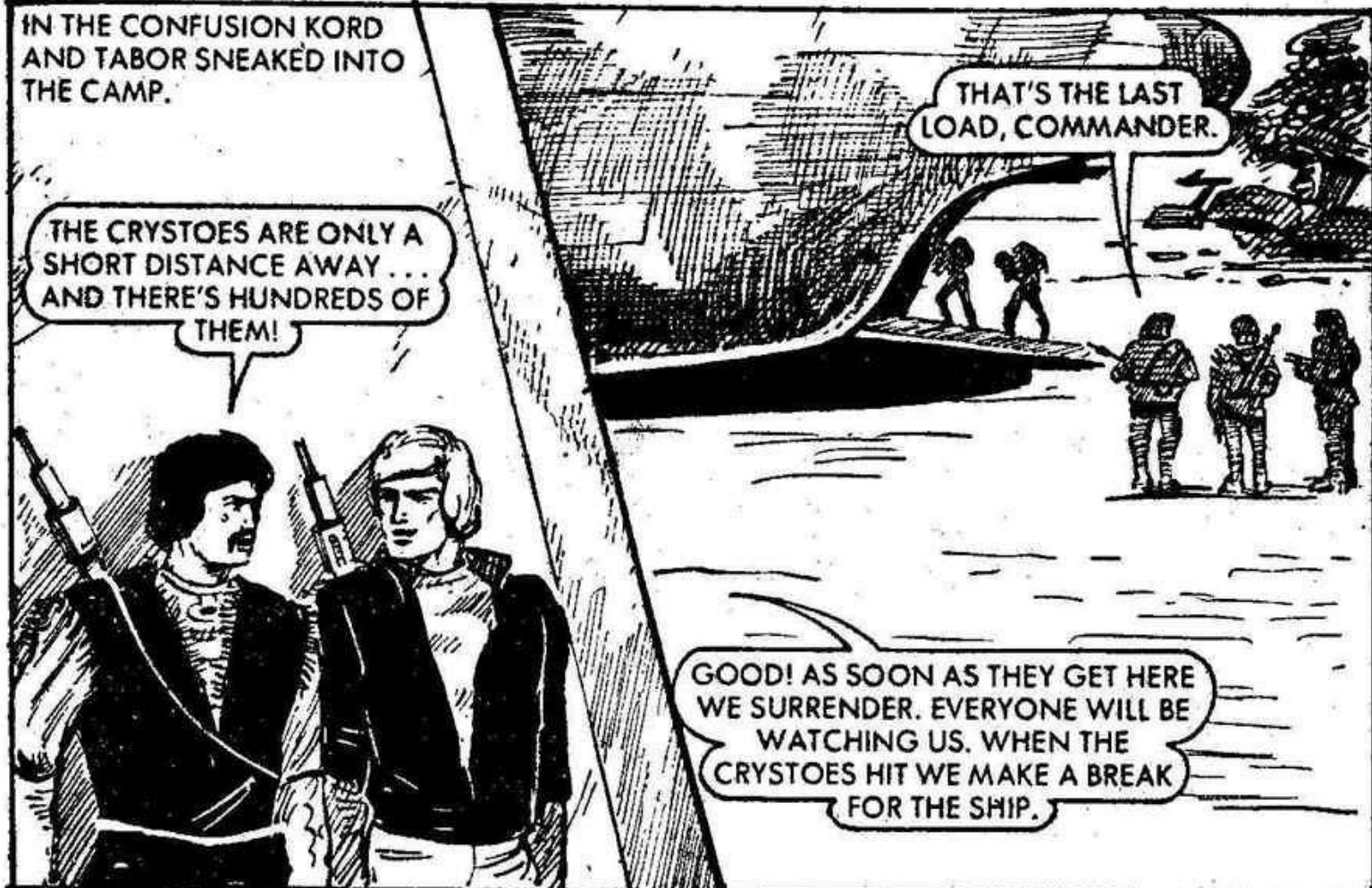
SATISFIED WITH THEIR WORK THE MERKS LANDED AND ROUNDED UP THE DAZED MINERS.





NOW YOU WORK FOR ME, COMEN! YOUR
MEN PUT THYRILLIUM IN MY SHIP OR I
LIQUIDISE YOUR BRAINS!

YOU CAN'T DO
THIS TO ME!



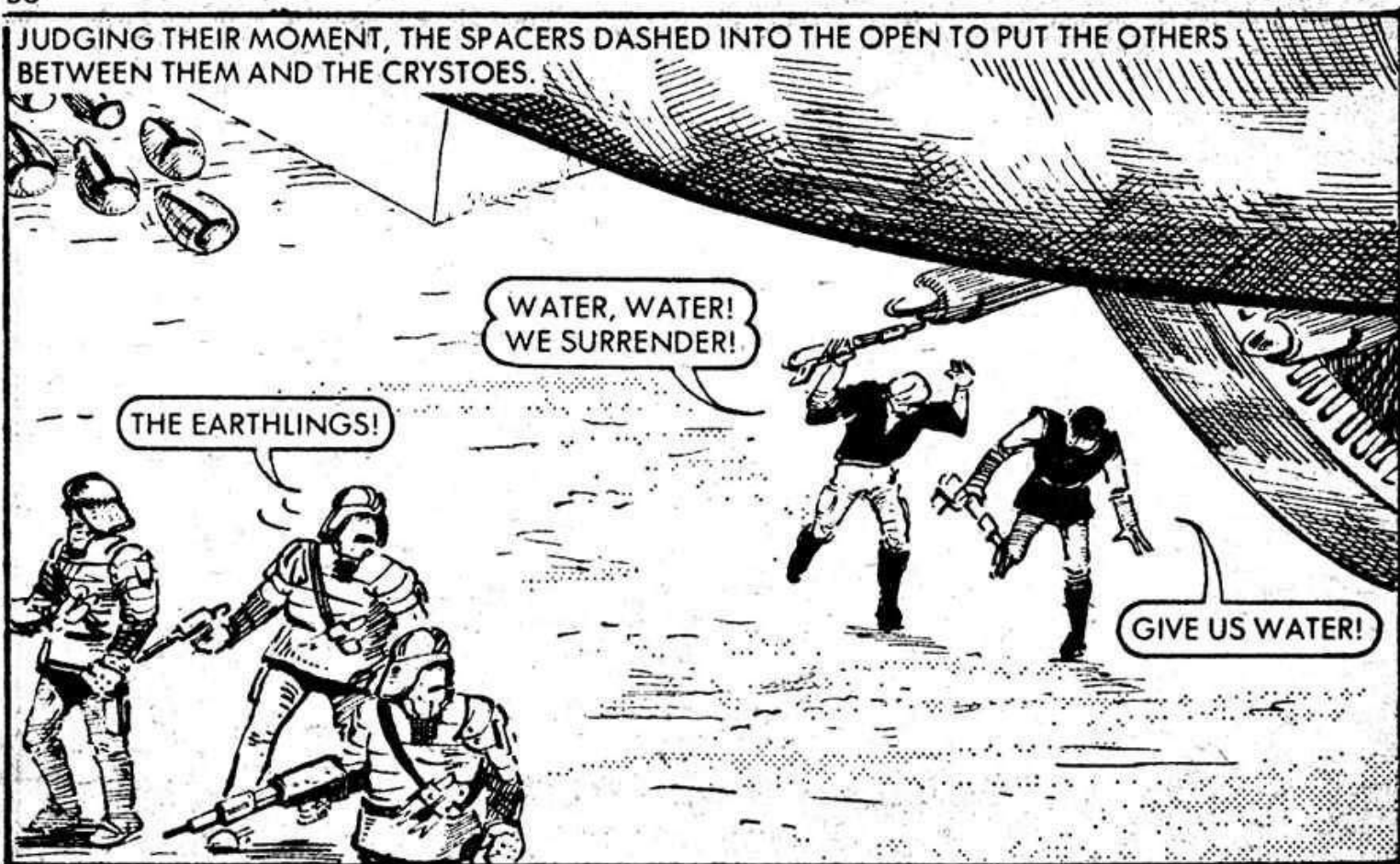
IN THE CONFUSION KORD
AND TABOR SNEAKED INTO
THE CAMP.

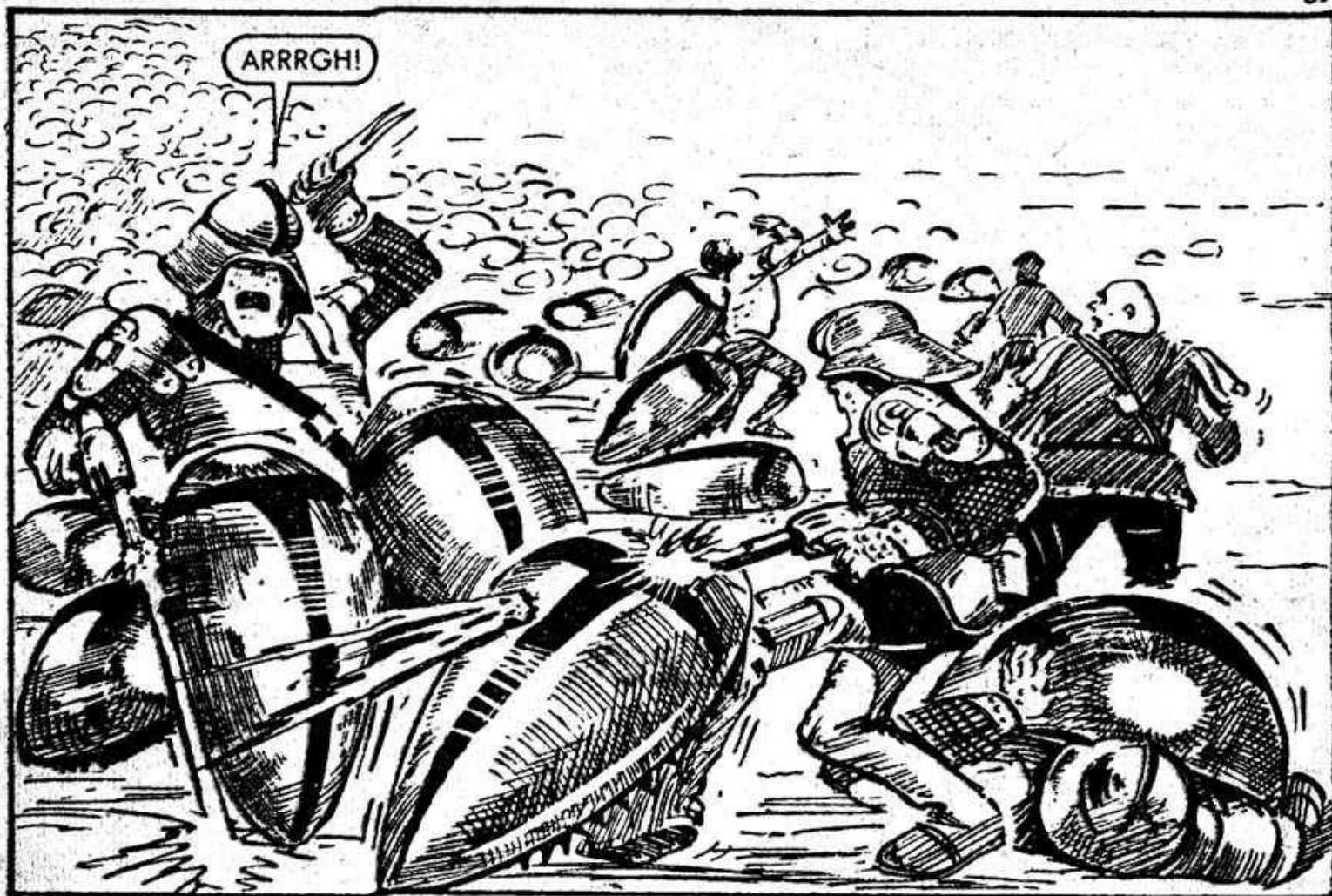
THE CRYSTOES ARE ONLY A
SHORT DISTANCE AWAY ...
AND THERE'S HUNDREDS OF
THEM!

THAT'S THE LAST
LOAD, COMMANDER.

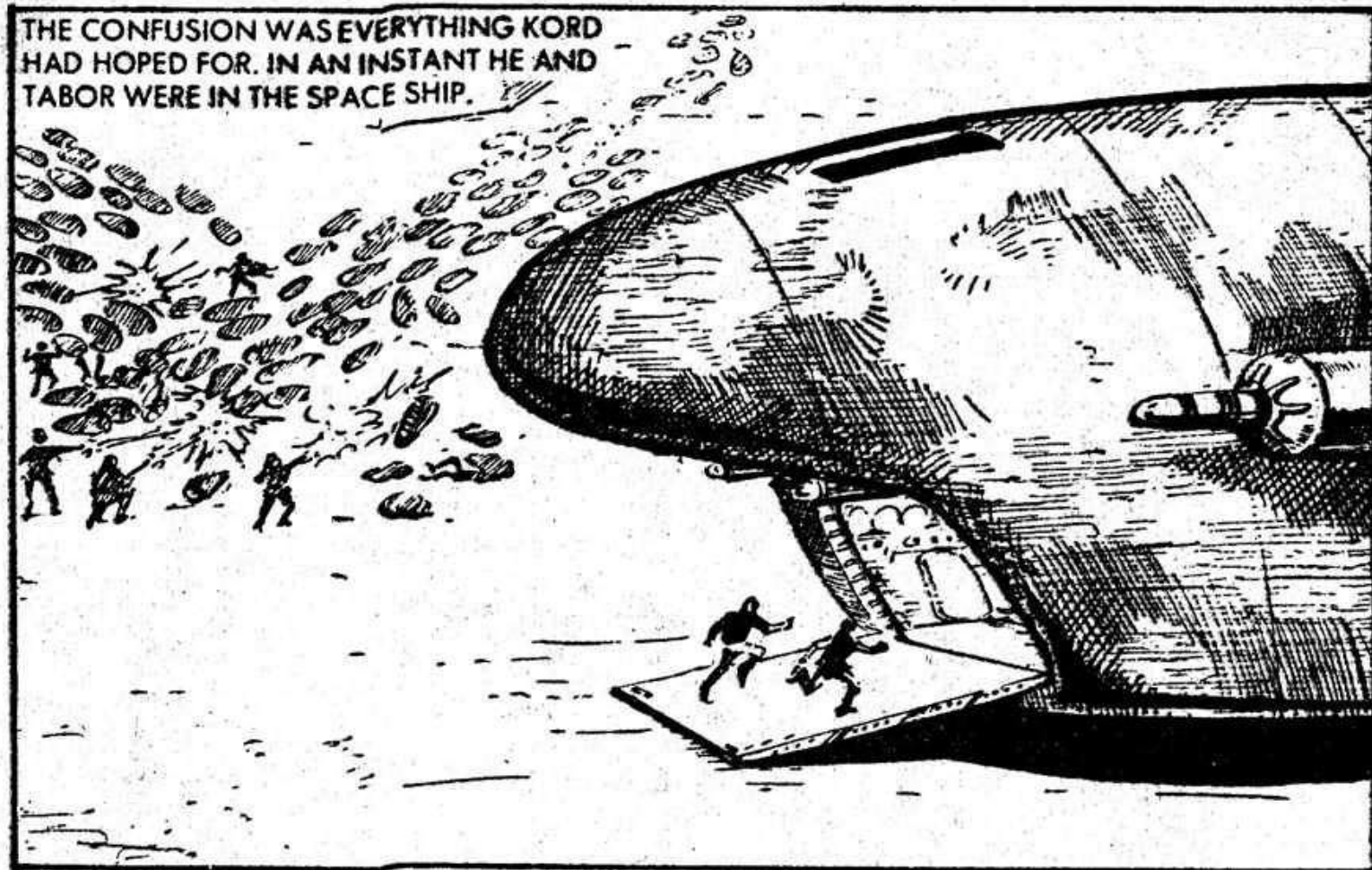
GOOD! AS SOON AS THEY GET HERE
WE SURRENDER. EVERYONE WILL BE
WATCHING US. WHEN THE
CRYSTOES HIT WE MAKE A BREAK
FOR THE SHIP.

JUDGING THEIR MOMENT, THE SPACERS DASHED INTO THE OPEN TO PUT THE OTHERS BETWEEN THEM AND THE CRYSTOES.

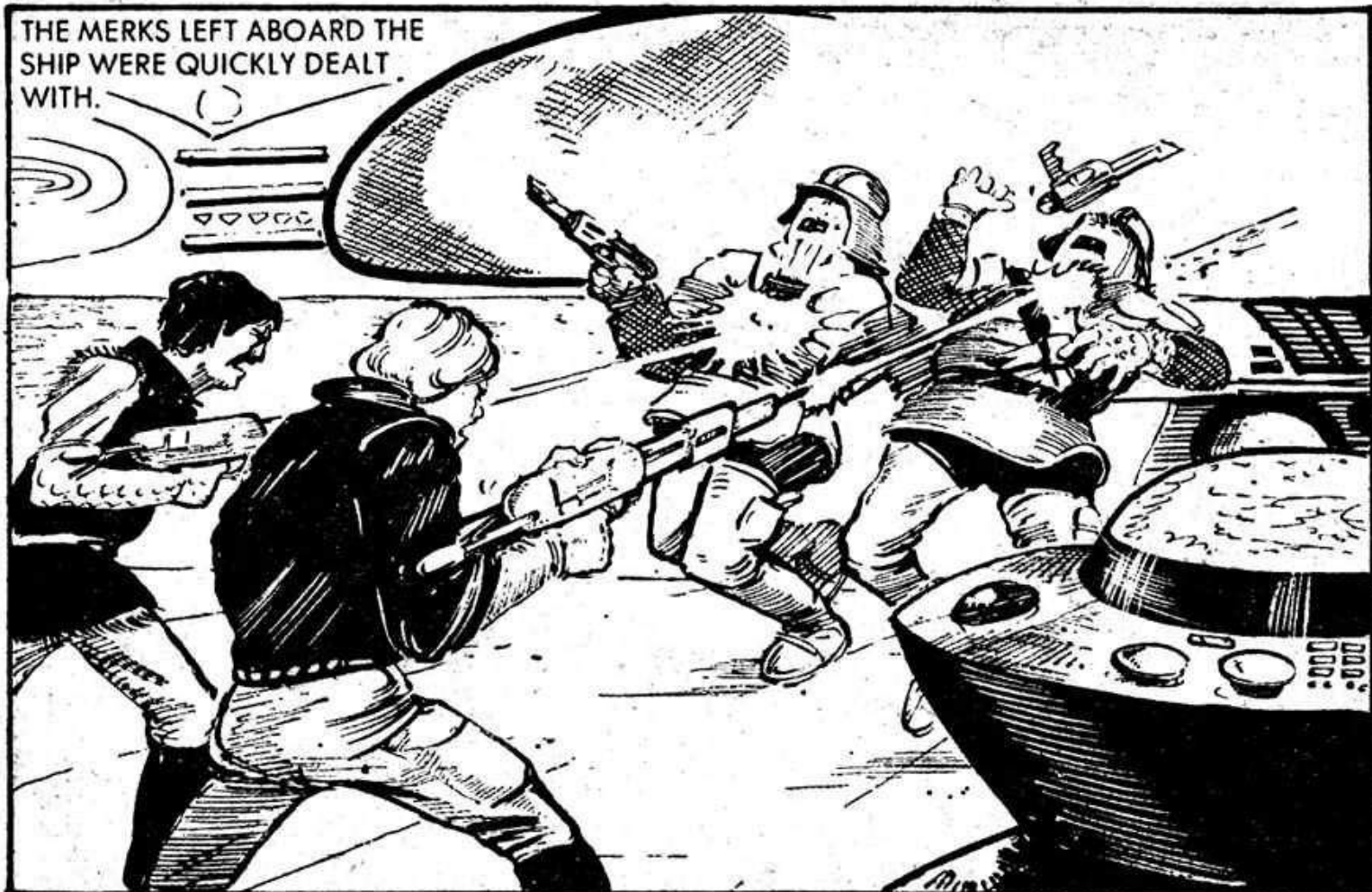




THE CONFUSION WAS EVERYTHING KORD HAD HOPED FOR. IN AN INSTANT HE AND TABOR WERE IN THE SPACE SHIP.



THE MERKS LEFT ABOARD THE
SHIP WERE QUICKLY DEALT
WITH.

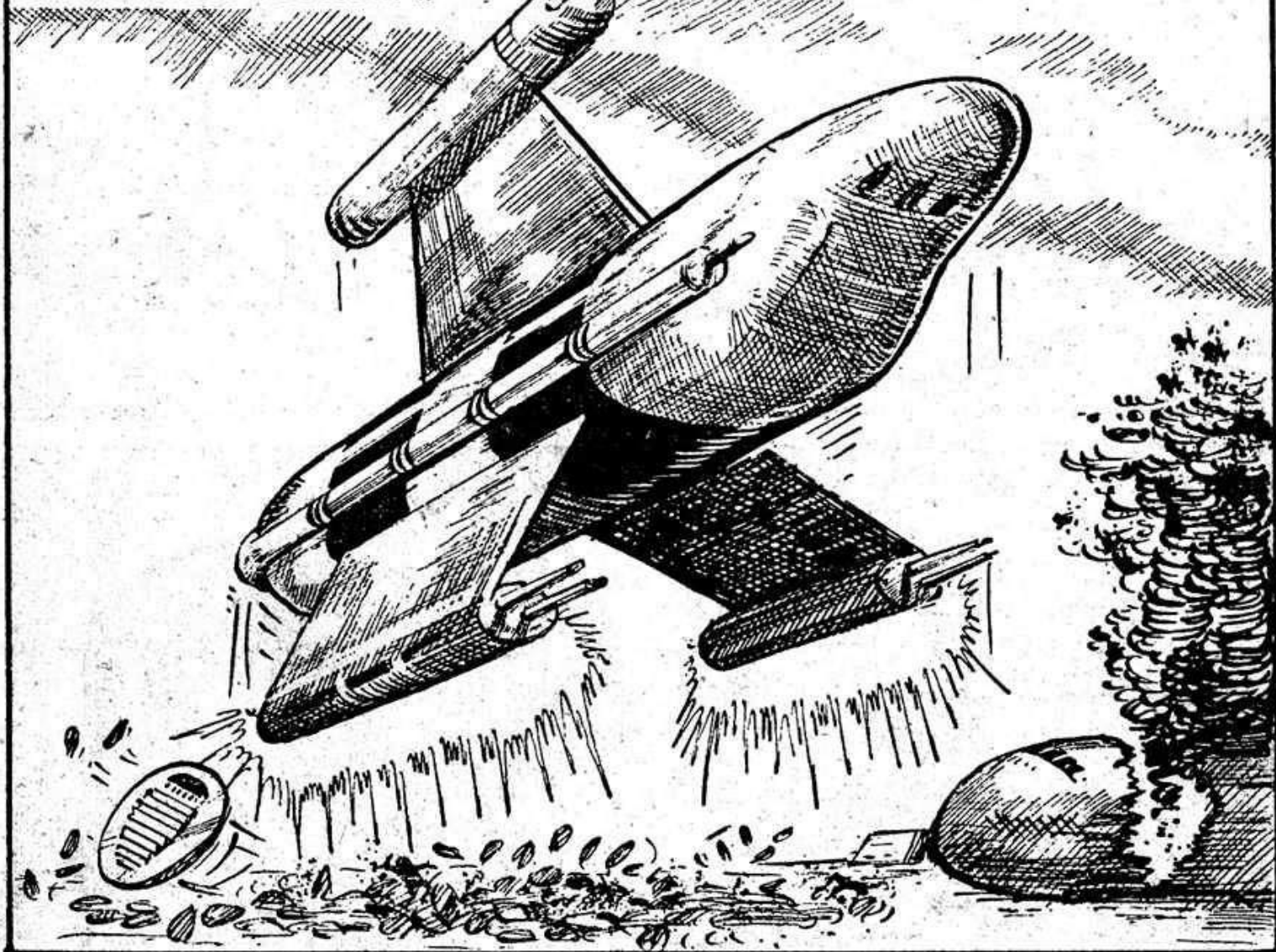


CAN YOU FLY
IT, KORD?

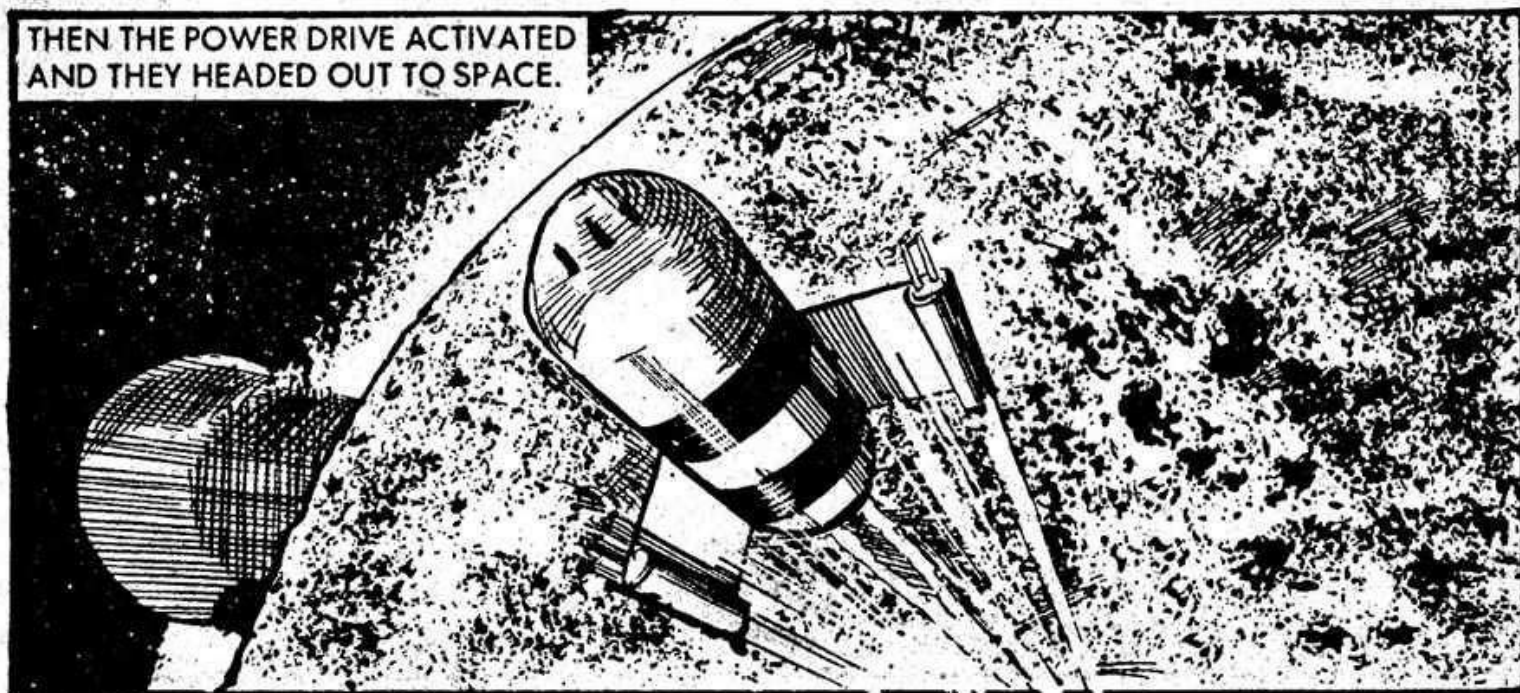
EASY! IT'S A STANDARD LAYOUT.

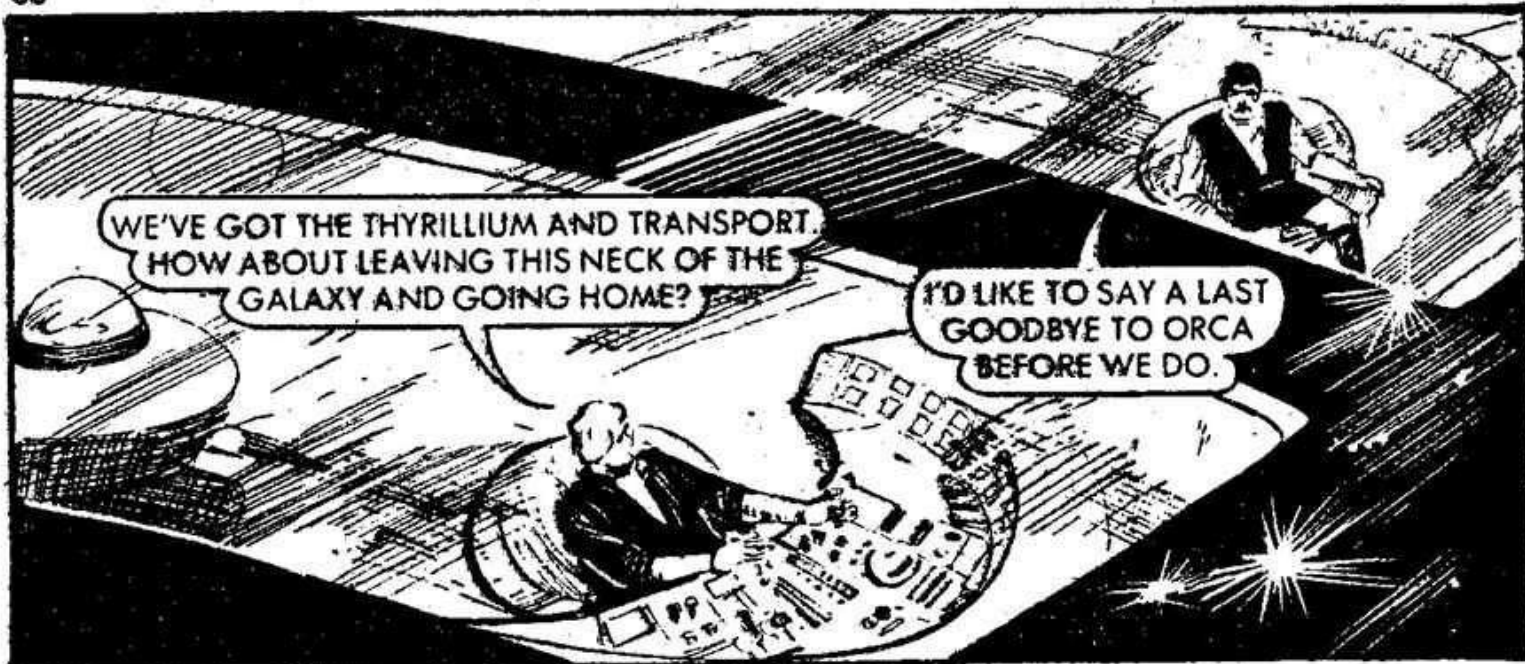


AS THE SHIP ROSE FROM THE
GROUND THE FORCE OF THE ANTI-
GRAVITY BOWLED THE FIGHTING
CROWD ACROSS THE DESERT.

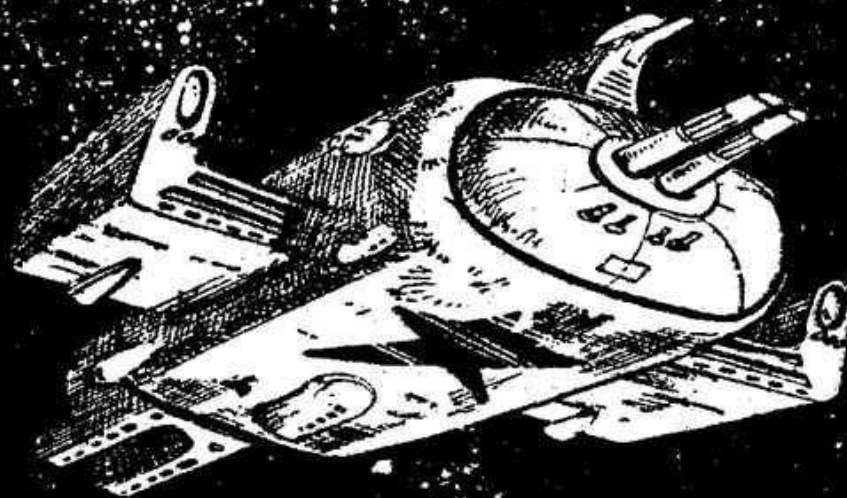


THEN THE POWER DRIVE ACTIVATED
AND THEY HEADED OUT TO SPACE.





BUT AS THEY NEARED THE ASTEROID THEY SAW A LARGE SPACE CRAFT.



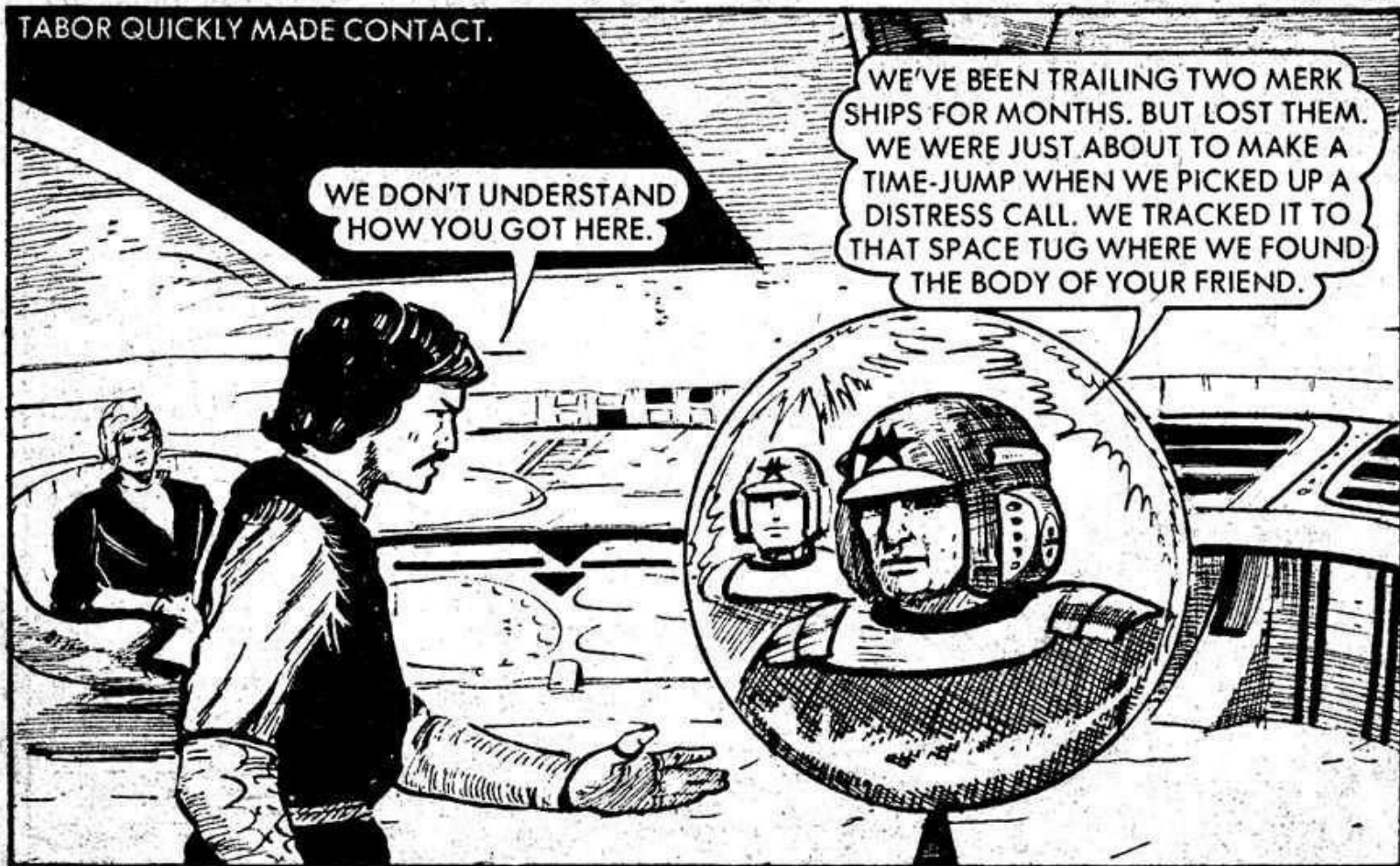
GALACTIC
MARSHALLS! BUT
HOW?

NEVER MIND HOW, TELL THEM WE'RE
FRIENDLY BEFORE THEY BLOW US APART!

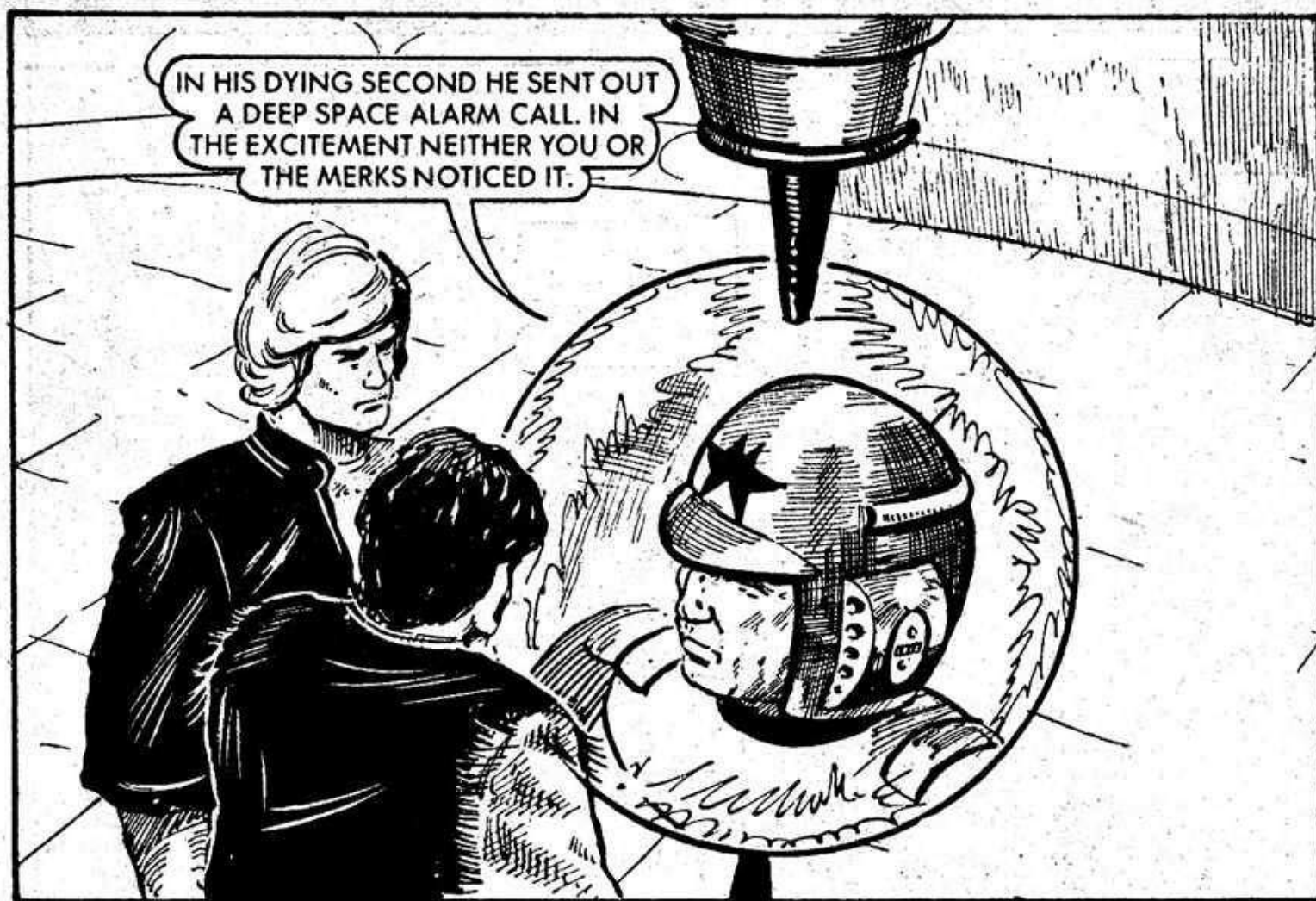
TABOR QUICKLY MADE CONTACT.

WE DON'T UNDERSTAND
HOW YOU GOT HERE.

WE'VE BEEN TRAILING TWO MERK
SHIPS FOR MONTHS. BUT LOST THEM.
WE WERE JUST ABOUT TO MAKE A
TIME-JUMP WHEN WE PICKED UP A
DISTRESS CALL. WE TRACKED IT TO
THAT SPACE TUG WHERE WE FOUND
THE BODY OF YOUR FRIEND.

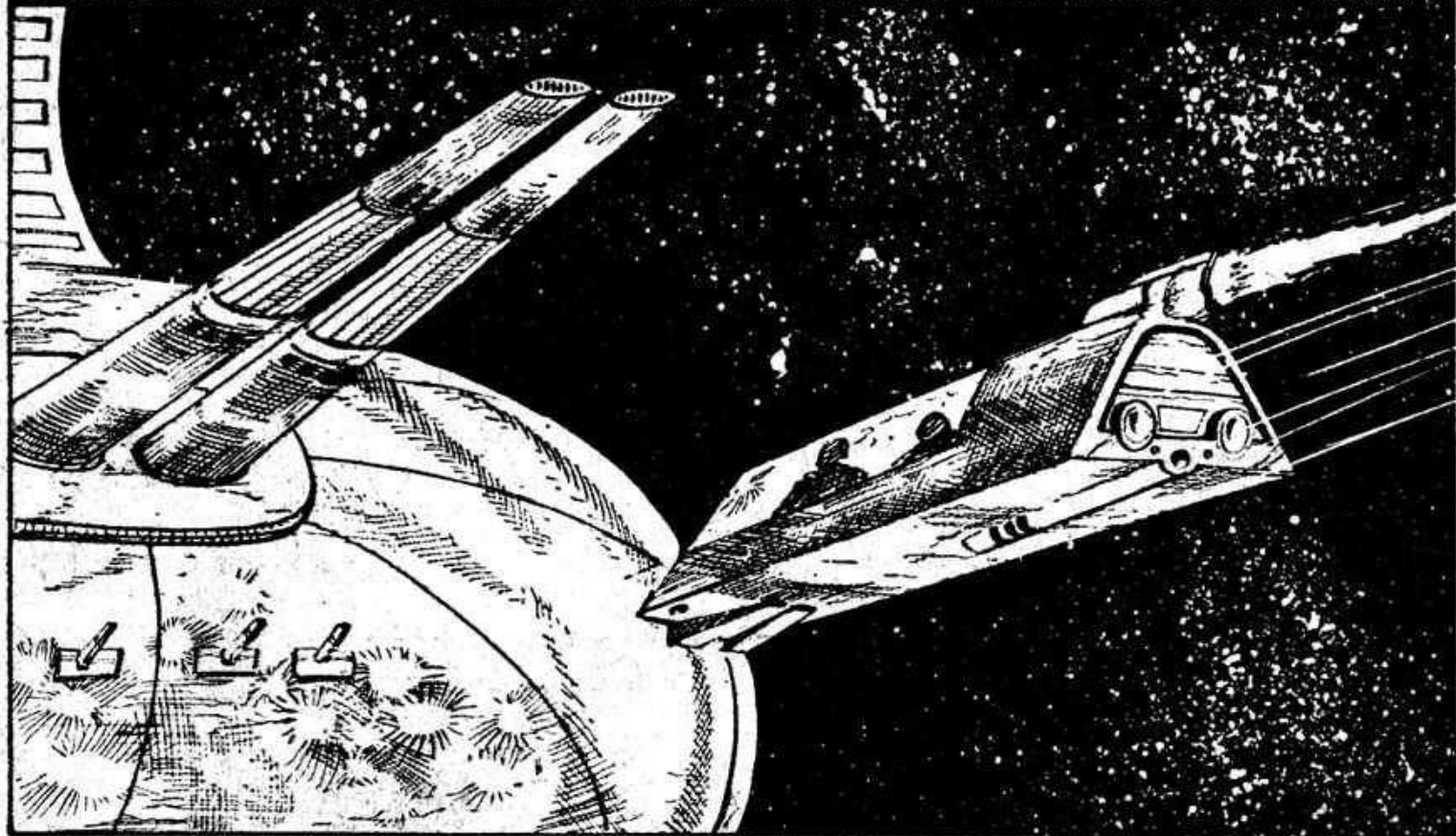


IN HIS DYING SECOND HE SENT OUT
A DEEP SPACE ALARM CALL. IN
THE EXCITEMENT NEITHER YOU OR
THE MERKS NOTICED IT.





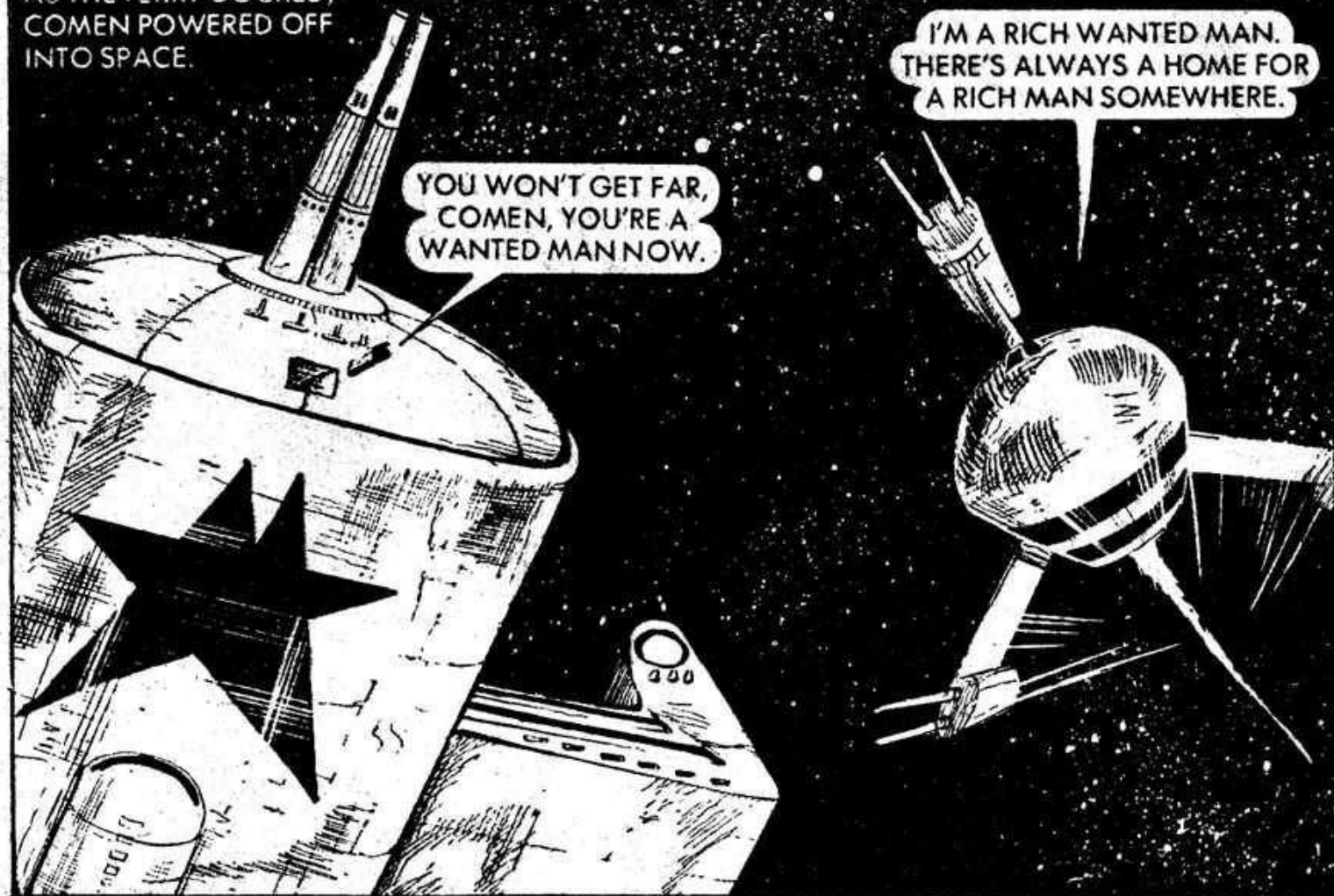
UNDER COMEN'S INSTRUCTIONS THE SPACERS WERE FERRIED OVER TO THE BIG POLICE VESSEL.




AS THE FERRY DOCKED,
COMEN POWERED OFF
INTO SPACE.

YOU WON'T GET FAR,
COMEN, YOU'RE A
WANTED MAN NOW.

I'M A RICH WANTED MAN.
THERE'S ALWAYS A HOME FOR
A RICH MAN SOMEWHERE.







AS WE LEFT THE MERK SHIP I
SAW SEVERAL CRYSTOES ON
THE HULL. THERE'LL BE ONE
ENORMOUS BANG WHEN
THEY EAT RIGHT THROUGH.

THERE WAS! THE HULL RUPTURED! AIR EXPLODED INTO THE VACUUM OF SPACE!
THE SHIP SPLIT ALONG A THOUSAND SEAMS BLASTING ITS INSIDES OUT ACROSS A
MILLION MILES OF SPACE! DESTRUCTION WAS TOTAL.



THE EXPLOSION WAS WATCHED
FROM INSIDE THE POLICE
VESSEL.

HE'S GONE, AND YOUR THYRILLIUM'S
GONE WITH HIM. IT'S BACK TO YOUR
PICK AND SHOVEL, BOYS.

THYRILLIUM'S
INDESTRUCTIBLE. IT
SPLITS UP LIKE MERCURY
DOES, AND IT'S
ATTRACTED TO WATER
LIKE A MAGNET.

ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS DRIVE
OUR ICE ASTEROID AROUND
TO COLLECT IT ALL UP.

**DON'T MISS THIS MONTH'S
OTHER ACTION-PACKED
ADVENTURE**

STARBLAZER

12p

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No. 9

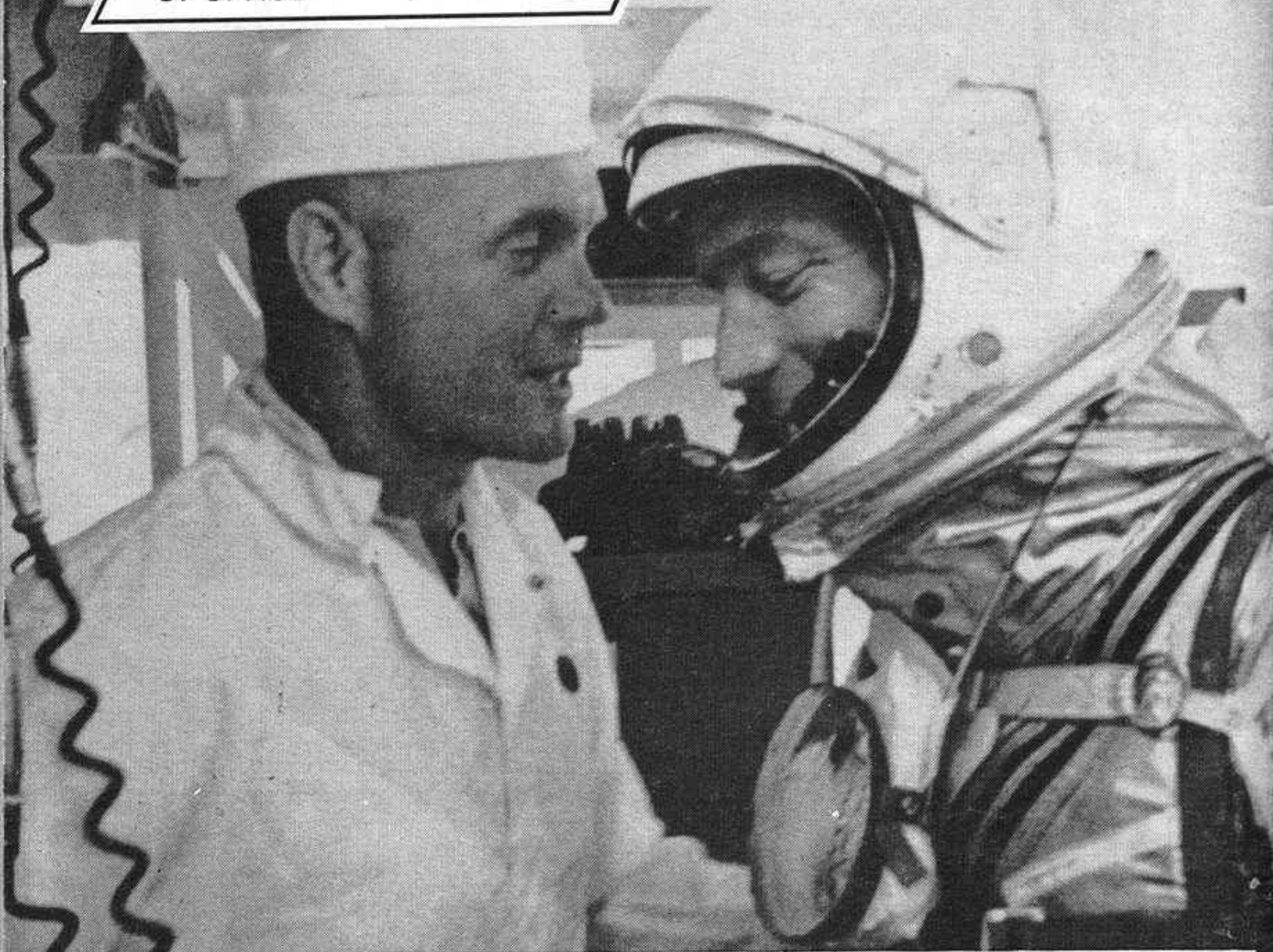
**PLANET
OF FEAR**

**ON SALE
AT YOUR
NEWS-
AGENT'S**

NOW!

STARBLAZERS

**IN THE CONQUEST (8)
OF SPACE**



Pictured here are John Glenn (left) shaking hands with Scott Carpenter before the latter's three orbit space mission on 24 May, 1962. Glenn pioneered orbital flight for the Americans by making three orbits of the Earth on 20 February, 1962, in 4 hours 56 minutes.